Saturday Review

JULY 9, 1955 / 20¢

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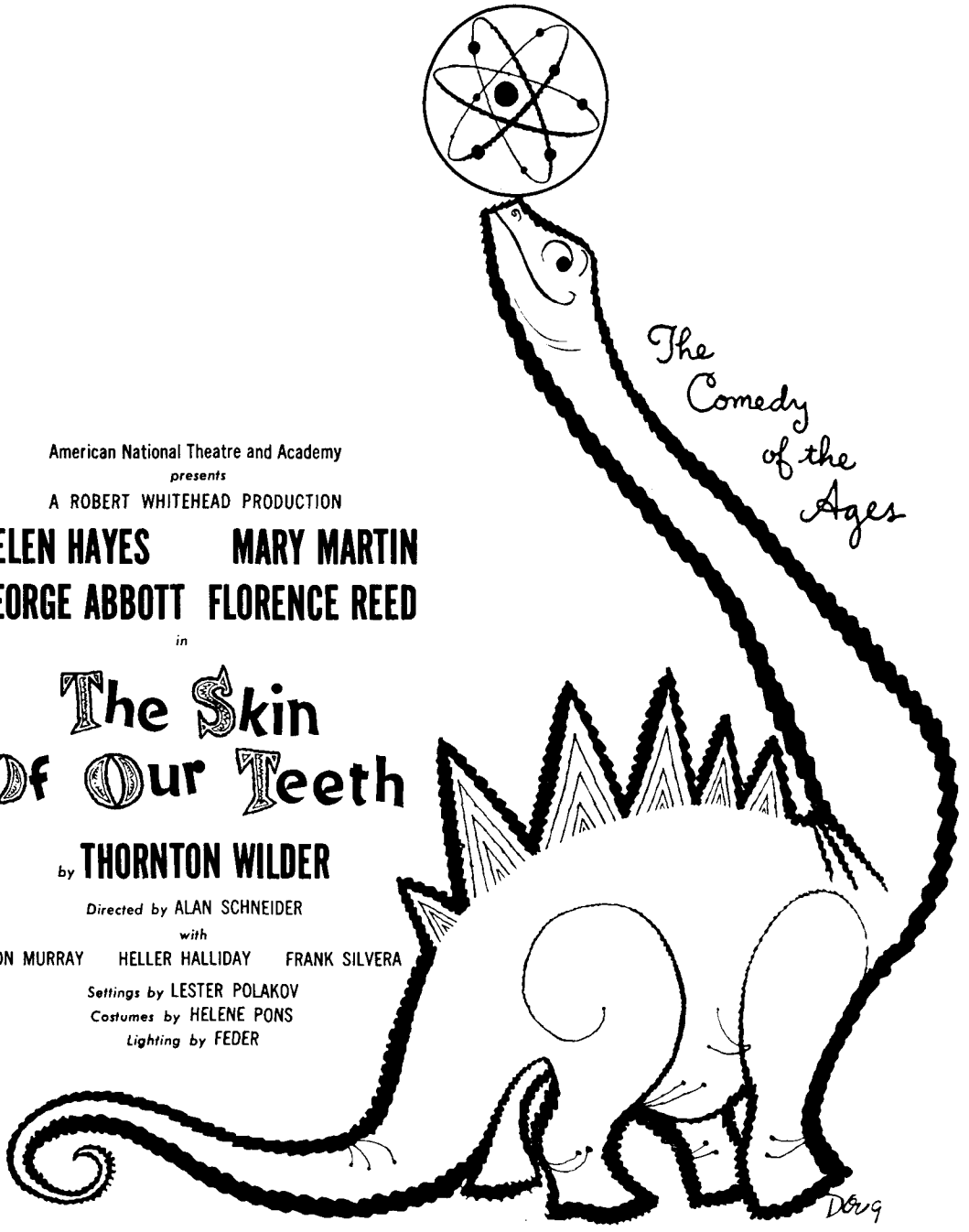

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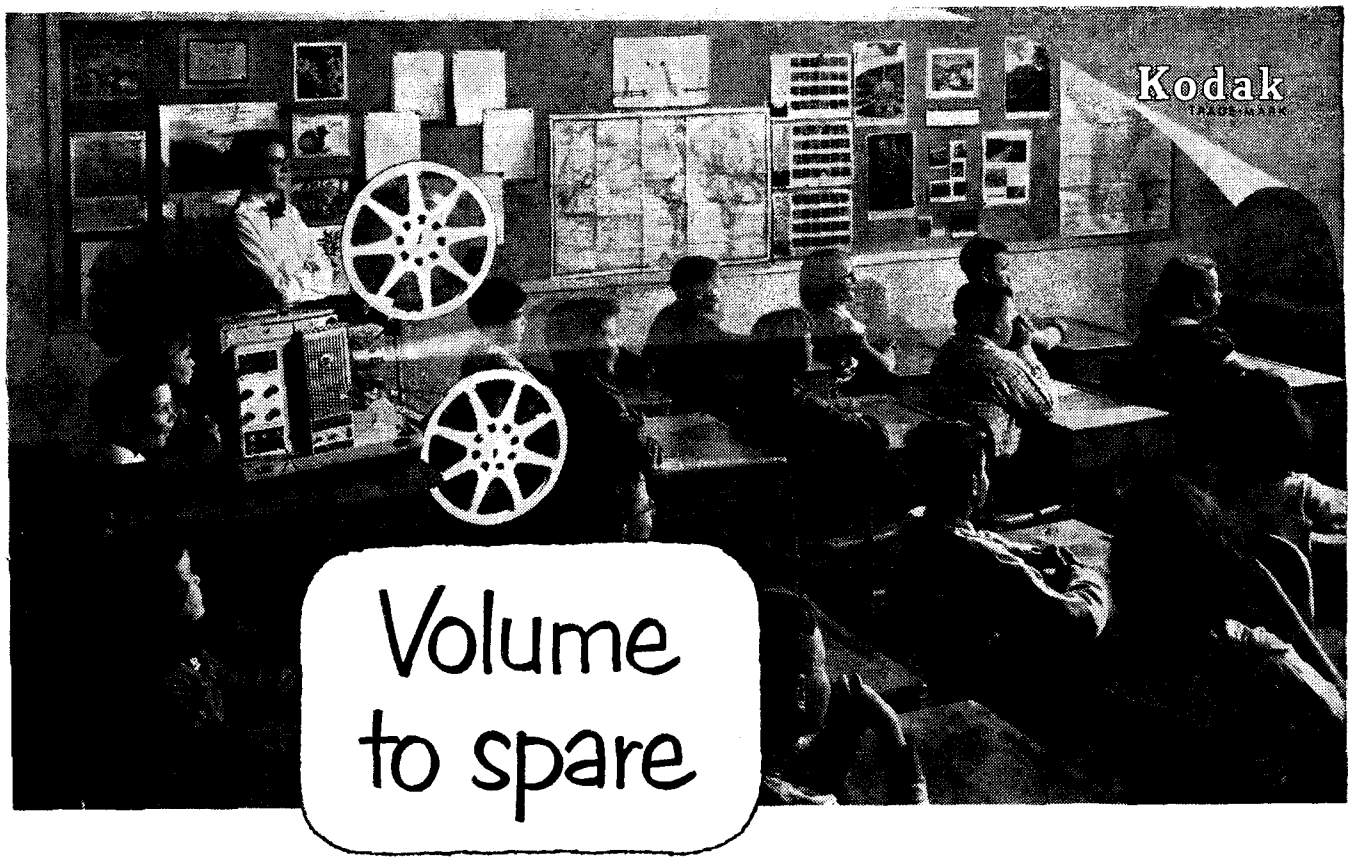

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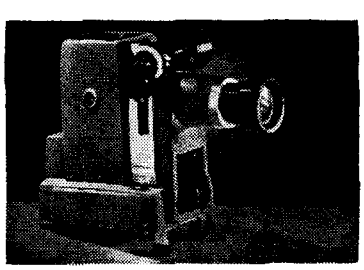

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The Saturday Review

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TRADE Winds

DITOR'S NOTE: *Bennett Cerf's vaca-on began this week. During at least ıe first half of his absence Alan reen will preside over* TRADE WINDS. *r. Green is bookman, essayist, ystery-story writer, and advertising-ency executive.*

F THE MOST RECENT MEETING of the ook-of-the-Month Club's judges, ilbert Highet told this story. Lord urzon was once asked to comment on ıe effect of the broader public :hooling which was then being made vailable to more and younger British ds. Lord Curzon's comment: "The irty words on my fences are now ing written about a foot lower."

This precipitated a discussion about irty words in novels. John Mar-uand said that after he had read The Second Happiest Day," the novel y his brilliant son, John Philips, he'd lked to John about the inclusion certain abrupt words, to which

hn had replied that this is the way ople talk and writers had to report eir talk accurately. Marquand, tell-g this to his fellow judges, said he d agreed with John. Said he sup-sed such language was mandatory. which Clifton Fadiman murmured, Or, at least, young mandatory."

E TWIN SUBJECTS of fences and youth mind me of how, a few weeks ago, e fact that public-library funds e scant was made dramatically clear me. I happened to be in a small-wn public library, not too far from iladelphia, while a salesman was ying to sell certain essential books the librarian. The librarian wanted e books but couldn't buy them. It ems that not long before some ungsters, playing whatever the cur-nt equivalent of cops-and-robbers ay be, had damaged the fence out ont. The fence had to be repaired d the cost of the repair would be st about the $200 that the books ould have cost. The budget simply dn't allow for both expenditures. It ay be hard to believe that a couple hundred dollars could be so major item to a library, but, believe me, this library is typical. The solution probably is not to teach the young-sters to play less vigorously—vigorous play being deeply and probably nec-essarily ingrained at that age. But maybe tiny library allocations need not be equally ingrained. Maybe town fathers are capable of digging up larger library budgets so that young-sters may not only occasionally dam-age a fence but also occasionally enter the library and enjoy the use of good new books.

ONE OF PUBLISHING'S very nice guys is Keith Jennison who, in addition to doing a full-time job for the Viking Press, also manages to turn out his own books with fair frequency. Keith's charming wife, Emily, is sensitive about her name. As she explained to John Masters, who was at the time writing "Coromandel," the name Em-ily in literature is practically never given to anyone glamorous, but is usually bestowed on nice old ladies, maiden aunts, and other monotone characters. Mr. Masters, ever an au-thor to do his editor's wife a favor, immediately took care of the situa-tion. In "Coromandel" he had a quite glamorous character, a prostitute named Nancy. He changed her name to Emily. Keith says his wife feels ever so much better about her name now. Has even added an attractive wiggle to her walk.

THE SEASON OF SUMMER CAMPING being well upon us, it is traditional to write about the letters that young campers send home. I have been saving the following one from last summer. Seems that the mother in the case had gone off on a trip and conse-quently the young camper, age fif-teen, was addressing most of his let-ters to his father at home. One letter arrived and its opening sentence nearly caused Daddy's collapse.

"Well," wrote the young camper, "I've got news for you. The doctor says I've broken a rib." Dad read that sen-tence, paled, gulped, read anxiously on. "Here are the details," the letter continued. Dad braced himself. Now

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at least he was going to be told of the doctor's diagnosis, what the X-rays had shown, how long the young camper would be taped up, etc. He went on to the next paragraph. "The details are like this. I was on third base and the guy at the plate bunted and I came tearing in for home. The catcher fielded the ball and blocked the plate and I tried to slide in under him. His knee caught me right in the chest and I was out. We won 13 to 0. Love."

BASEBALL IS A SUBJECT rather dear to me these days. I am a Dodger fan and it just so happens that the day before the season opened I made a number of bets, especially bets based on my belief that the Dodgers would do better than the Giants. Aga Khan, look to your laurels!

The fun of watching baseball on television is frequently dependent upon the announcer. Some announcers are painfully verbose. Some of them do an excellent job of letting you watch the game and injecting orally only those facts which are not evident to your eyes. Some of them also have a sense of humor. For instance, one of the better puns I have ever heard (if puns are your idea of humor, and they happen to be mine) was gotten off by André Baruch sometime back. He was announcing a Dodger game in the course of which a batter objected violently to a called third strike. Naturally, the umpire won the argument and, as the batter angrily strode off to his team's dugout, André Baruch quietly said, "It's like they say in the song, Whatever Lola wants Larry Goetz."

When I discussed this pun with Lee Wright, who runs Inner Sanctum mysteries, she agreed that it was pretty good but regretted that Larry Goetz didn't umpire in the American League and that the struck-out batter wasn't the White Sox catcher. In that

case, she said, the pun would have been complete—"Whatever Lollar wants Larry Goetz."

LIKE A LOT OF OTHER PEOPLE, I have long considered myself a medium-speed reader. I can read a fairly light, average-length novel in about four and a half hours. This means reading at the rate of 275 words a minute. I assumed this was my speed and that nothing could be done about it. I was wrong. I can now read at the rate of 425 words per minute and hope presently to read at more than 500. This is the result of going back to school and learning to read. The school is the Reading Institute of New York University, where they not only teach reading skill to retarded readers but also teach it to average readers who want more time for reading. Inasmuch as one can't lengthen the day or shirk one's other duties, the only way of reading more is to read faster. When the idea was first suggested to me by a publisher who had himself taken the course I was dubious. I feared that, as my

reading speed increased, I would suffer from loss of comprehension or would feel some strain. Again I was wrong. A normal adult can learn the art of reading sentences where he used to read phrases or of absorbing paragraphs where he used to be lucky to take in a line. In a total of some twenty pleasant and interesting hours of study the acceleration is achieved and made permanent, and comprehension is actually increased. Whether you are a businessman, snowed under by the amount of reports, trade journals, and other business literature you have to read, or a casual reader who would like to enjoy two books where only one book could be enjoyed before, I commend to you the Reading Institute in New York and—hopefully that they exist—to similar institutions in other cities.

ONE OF AMERICA'S most successful newspapers is the *Philadelphia Bulletin* and, for a long time now, the *Bulletin* has been running rather amusing advertisements each one showing a crowd of people reading the *Bulletin* and always one man among the crowd not reading it but instead, doing something foolish. The headline, of course, always is "In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads the *Bulletin.*" It's a pretty good campaign, but we didn't like one of the more recent advertisements. This one showed a mob of people at a cookout. Everybody save one man was reading the *Bulletin.* And what do you think was the something else the silly man was doing? He was reading a book. Come, come, *Philadelphia Bulletin!* Whether the book was Shakespeare or Spillane, the act of reading a book isn't foolish and please stop biting the cultural hand that helps feed you. —ALAN GREEN.

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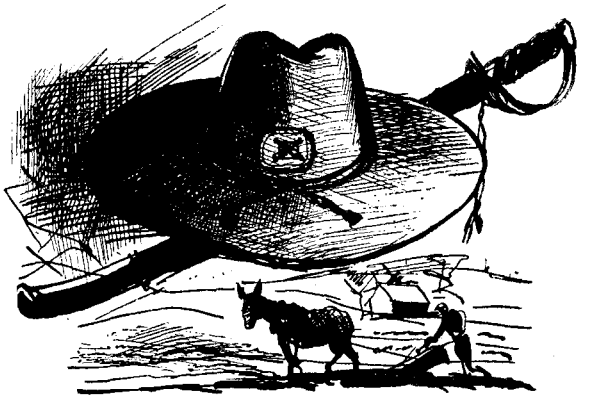
The Saturday Review
JULY 9, 1955

HE REDUCED WAR TO FOUR WORDS

Grant—the Gentle General



EDITOR'S NOTE: The first week of July, when summer just begins to make herself felt, is fertile in great anniversaries of the American Republic. The Declaration of Independence is dated the Fourth. From July 1 to July 3, 1863 was fought the Battle of Gettysburg, that huge but desperate plan of Robert E. Lee to pit his superior skill against the superior forces and fumbling command of the North. And one day later—July 4, 1863—the city of Vicksburg, Mississippi, surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant after a startling and exquisite campaign. Grant soon came on to Virginia, where he presided over the winning of the war, fell a little into Lincoln's shadow, and emerged an enigmatic, unsuccessful President and speculator. Though he never rivals Lincoln's splendor, Grant's personality has its own bite; and those who know him feel he has never been given his due. None loves him more than Earl Schenck Miers, author of the recent history of the Vicksburg capture, "The Web of Victory" (Knopf), who here speculates about Grant and Lee—and concludes that the silent, noble Northerner was one of the most wonderful figures in our history.

By EARL SCHENCK MIERS

ON THE day Ulysses S. Grant died thunder shook the hills around his summer home at Mount McGregor, N.Y., and lightning knocked down eight people at the railroad station. In ancient Greece a poet would have created an epic around this celestial disturbance as the old general walked across the dark valley with hand outstretched in greeting to former comrades-in-arms. But Grant already had written his own legend, in deed and in prose, and in both instances had achieved a magnificent, virile simplicity. Rediscovering that legend today, one wonders if it may not be the equal of any legend America has produced.

In the South Lee always has stood alone as the untarnished hero of the Lost Cause, whereas Lincoln and Grant have shared a common role in saving the Union and demonstrating to the world that a constitutional republic could endure against foreign and domestic foes. Lee's place in the sun was never seriously contested by Jefferson Davis, who, to his last breath, remained the same severe, cantankerous, argumentative face on a Confederate postage stamp. Moreover, Davis managed to make himself ridiculous, caught as he was running away in one of his wife's dresses. His quarrel ten years after the war—when the testy Sherman's "Memoirs" suggested that Joseph E. Johnston may have been a capable general—revealed Davis hopelessly as unobjective as ever. There he sat at the bitter end, bickering to the point of weary cussedness, an exiled Achilles sulking over a breezeway in Biloxi.

Today, where no one thinks of Lee and Davis as being of equal stature in life or history, Lincoln and Grant emerge as powerful co-leaders in the ageless struggle for the rights of man. Both understood thoroughly that the essential issue which produced the American Civil War was, in Lincoln's phrase, whether one man should live by the sweat of another man's brow. Slavery, in its ugliest terms, amounted to this perversion of basic Christian concept; and Lincoln and Grant, typical citizens of the high-spirited, individualistic Midwest, looked upon human bondage in any form as repugnant. Yet neither would have disturbed the "institution" as long as it remained in the states where it had existed at the time the Constitution was adopted, for under these circumstances, as Lincoln contended the founding fathers had intended, slavery faced ultimate extinction. Southern

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insistence on extending slavery deeper into the territories ended this hope and drove Lincoln, in full conscience that the struggle was whether wrong should triumph over right, to take the stump against Douglas.

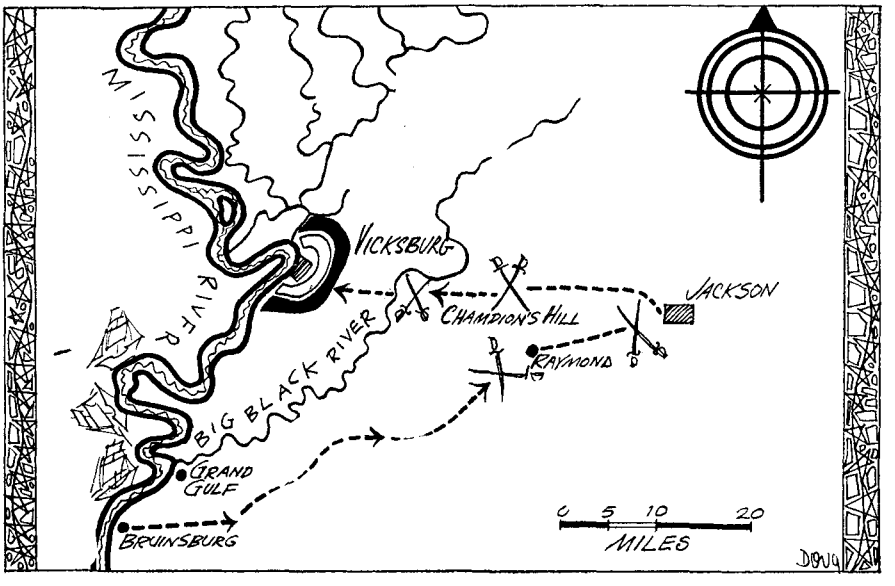
The Southern argument was that it fought for "states rights"—specifically, in the Northern estimate, for states rights that protected the "institution" for all time and against all moral, political, and judicial persuasion. Just how the secessionists intended to convince the objective student of the Constitution that it could claim a right of rebellion under a document that never once mentioned sovereignty as a characteristic of any state was a problem that baffled Lincoln. Whence came this independence to undo with bullets what had been determined by ballots? Whence did this power derive among states who, in the Declaration of Independence, had been "United Colonies" declaring that they were "Free and Independent States" pledged to the common cause of throwing off a tyranny, and who, under the Articles of Confederation, had plighted their faith in a Union that should be perpetual? Lincoln called the Southern contention what he believed history must judge it to be, a sophism. A state that could, under claim to a *local* right, defeat the *general* will of the nation destroyed the nation. And Lincoln asked:

> . . . Our adversaries have adopted some Declarations of Independence; in which, unlike the good old one, penned by Jefferson, they omit the words "all men are created equal." Why? They have adopted a temporary national constitution, in the preamble of which, unlike our good old one, signed by Washington, they omit "We, the people" and substitute "We, the deputies of the sovereign and independent states." Why? Why this deliberate pressing out of view of the rights of man and the authority of the people?

If these seem like old issues and old emotions, the author is not asking the reader to find modern parallels between the Southern nullifiers and the more recent Dixiecrats; or between the secessionists and the Southern governor who, in effect, recently told a television audience that, the Supreme Court be damned, he hoped his state could maintain segregated schools for at least the next thousand years.

In 1860-1861 these were valid issues and valid emotions, resulting in the bloodiest civil war the world ever has witnessed and creating the point at which the United States of America began to rebuild the constitutional republic we have inherited. These were the issues and the emotions that divided Grant and Lee and brought them as antagonists into the decisive duel to decide our national destiny, whether (as Lincoln believed) Grant fought Lee in what was "essentially a people's war" or Lee fought Grant in the War for Southern Independence.

WHEN the decision had to be faced, between the strong national government represented by the Union or government by disintegration which was the end where secession seemed to lead, Grant possessed the advantage of being an ancestor whereas Lee bore the burden of being a descendant. One followed the irresistible logic of intellect, the other yielded his mind to his heart. Douglas Southall Freeman, tracing Lee's distinguished Virginia background, speaks of the



UNVEXING THE MISSISSIPPI: The Vicksburg campaign of 1863 was Grant's own personal invention, carried out in opposition to the advice and best judgment of everyone in Washington, including President Lincoln. The preliminaries were to move river fleet and army thirty miles south of the fortress on the west bank of the Mississippi, then to transport the army across the river to Bruinsburg, an operation which was completed by May 1. Grant then marched in a northeasterly direction toward Jackson, easily beating small Confederate forces around Raymond on May 12. The remnants of this Rebel force, plus other units, gathered under Confederate General J. E. Johnston and offered small resistance at Jackson, but were routed to the north. Jackson was taken on May 14. Then Grant turned round and commenced his direct approach on Vicksburg, commanded by Confederate General J. C. Pemberton. Pemberton moved out of the fortress toward Grant, and on May 16 an important battle was fought at Champion's Hill, resulting in the defeat and retreat of the Rebels. After another weak Confederate effort on May 17 at the Black River, Pemberton fell back into his works and the siege proper began. The city held out for forty-five days, until July 4.

The forces: Grant—about 43,000 (during the mobile phase of the campaign; his forces were increased to about 70,000 during the siege); Pemberton—about 40,000; Johnston—about 12,000. Grant's innovations: with only five days' rations, he cut himself off from any base, depending on local supplies; he willingly placed himself in hostile country between two enemy forces, trusting to his speed and power to prevent their coordination. Strategically, the capture of Vicksburg split the Confederacy in half, and set the stage for Sherman's devastating "march-to-the-sea" the next year. Tactically, the campaign anticipated all the principles of the *Blitzkrieg*; only the gasoline engine was missing. The Vicksburg campaign is a flawless masterpiece of war; the wit and audacity of a brilliant commander here substituted for the blood of his men.

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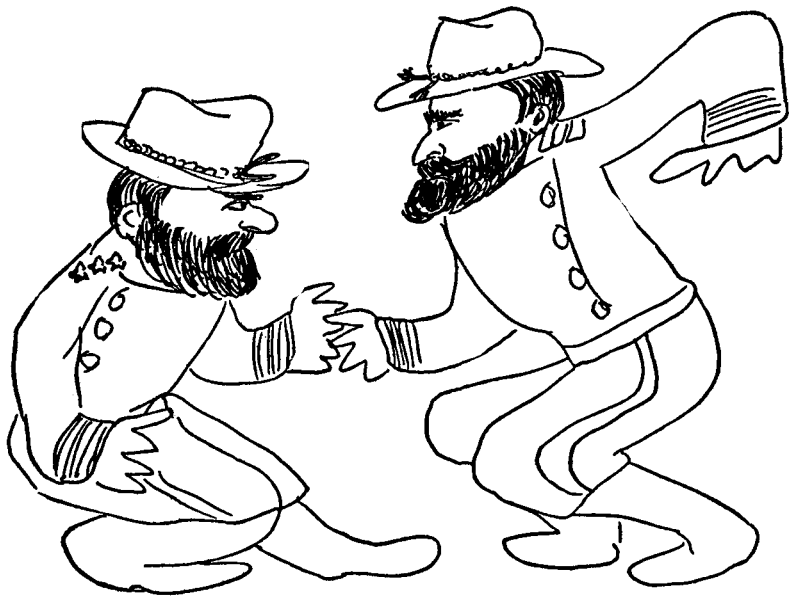
decision Lee was born to make. Even this predestination, however, was not without its price. Through those spring months, as war approached, Lee writhed in mental torment. He saw secession as revolution, as virtual insult to the memory of Washington, and as a refusal to read the Constitution correctly; he despised the very thought of disunion. He employed no pretty words on slavery, labeling it a social and moral evil and declaring that if he owned 4,000,000 slaves he would gladly free them all to end the quarrel between North and South.

Most of all, Lee had no wish to renounce his love for the United States Army, which he had served for more than thirty years. In the month before Sumter he refused a brigadier-generalship in the Confederate army, and did not even answer the letter that proffered him this position, a significant act for any correspondent as conscientious as he. Instead, in a commission signed by Lincoln, he accepted the lesser rank of colonel in the U. S. cavalry. As long as Virginia did not secede Lee faced no compromise between mind and heart; and as a man who had practised piety through a lifetime, he was not ashamed to pray that his mother state would keep her head in the crisis.

Actually during this period no one symbolized more dramatically than Lee the dread that must have been gnawing at the heart of Jefferson Davis. The Confederacy was still only a provisional government, suspended upon the very thin thread of its own insensibility to fear. With reflection, with time, the danger existed that the influence of men like Lee, who obviously doubted the Cause, could lead many to drift back into the Union. If tempers ever subsided, if powerful Virginia (which in convention on April 4, 1861 voted two-to-one against secession) continued to hedge, the Confederacy became even less significant in world affairs than one of the more remote Swiss cantons.

So the shooting war started. All over the South church bells rang; people ran through the streets, shouting the news. With gay hearts Southerners rushed to self-destruction, never once truly analyzing the possibility that they might be waging war not only against the North but also against the most desperate aspirations of humanity. For always the enslaved Negro stood before the world: the captive sold into bondage for profit, his human quality destroyed for profit, his existence of soul denied for profit. Southern diplomats, cooling their heels in foreign courts and finding with each passing year that their



GRANT vs. GRANT: The determined-looking fellow shown fighting himself in the drawing above was drawn by James Thurber as an illustration for a story called "If Grant Had Been Drinking at Appomattox" in his now-famous 1935 collection of short pieces, **"The Middle-Aged Man on the Flying Trapeze,"** which has just been reissued by Harper at $3. Mr. Thurber's conception of General Ulysses S. Grant is, naturally enough, not nearly so serious as is that of Earl Schenck Miers appearing on these pages. But then neither are any of the three dozen stories in Mr. Thurber's collection serious, bearing as they do such famous Thurber titles as "I Went to Sullivant," "The Civil War Phone-Number Association," and, appropriately enough, "Everything Is Wild."

feet grew colder, must have glimpsed the ugly possibility: had the South lost step with the civilized world?

SOON after Sumter, Virginia seceded. Robert E. Lee was in Alexandria, paying a bill in John Mosby's drug store, when he read the news. "I am one of those dull creatures that cannot see the good of secession," he said, and Mosby wrote the remark in his ledger beside the amount Lee had paid him. At home in Arlington Heights, Lee paced yard and bedroom, and toward midnight his wife heard him kneeling in prayer. He knew what, as a Virginian and the son of a Revolutionary War hero, he must do. Sumter and the triumph of the secessionists in the Virginia Convention began the tears of blood that Lee must weep until the end came at Appomattox four years later. Forced to the choice, he never again tried to analyze, he never again doubted. This magnificent self-possession of the man not even a Lost Cause could destroy. No passion for self-gain or for self-justification motivated him. He fought for a love.

Edmund Ruffin, who pulled the lanyard to fire the first shot of the war at Sumter, took his own life after the surrender at Appomattox, and between this swinging of the Confederate pendulum from excitement and joy to bewilderment and humiliation four factors shaped the decision.

Lincoln always had been a shrewd politician, a talent that he first manifested during those callow years in New Salem; in the White House he emerged as a supreme statesman, endowed with a sense of history unsurpassed by any President in our national life.

But the Union survived also through Lincoln's superb intelligence; he learned quickly and thoroughly, and from a rank amateur he became a master of war, whose advice in letters to his generals offered a deeper knowledge of the craft of Mars than, apparently, most of them had learned from their classes at West Point, their stints in Mexico, or their tiffs in the territories with the Indians.

Combining these qualities of insight as statesman and commander-in-chief, Lincoln made of the Emancipation Proclamation a triumph of psychological warfare: its impact was upon mankind, reducing the Confederacy

(*Continued on page* 31)

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FICTION

Man's Soul Under Fire

"Officers and Gentlemen," by Evelyn Waugh *(Little, Brown. 339 pp. $3.75), follows the fortunes of a number of British commandos through misadventures in Crete during World War II, to present a deflating picture of twentieth-century war.*

By James Gray

AT LAST we have the fulfilment of the distinguished, if sometimes flighty, talent of Evelyn Waugh. "Officers and Gentlemen" makes a unique contribution to one of the oldest traditions of storytelling, that of men at war. It pierces and deflates all the pretenses to grandeur of battles to save civilization. With the chilling elegance of scorn it says, in effect, that war is nothing but a squalid offense against the decencies of a disciplined way of life, that it is a betrayal of those refinements of spirit upon which sentient man has prided himself, that it is inevitably and all but universally degrading to the values it pretends to champion.

These matters have occupied the minds of many writers in our time and the tone of their discussions has seldom been that of glorification. Our American novelists usually have been outraged, like Dos Passos, or, like Hemingway, ruefully troubled about the dilemma of man's eternal struggle for freedom. But Waugh brings in a new note of contemptuous reproach. Writing as always in the brittle, mischievous, sometimes spiteful manner of high comedy he manages to dramatize with cruel effectiveness the malign absurdity of war, which, as one of his characters says, consists "in causing trouble without much hope of advantage."

"Officers and Gentlemen" is a companion piece to the earlier novel of World War II, "Men at Arms." The figures are in part the same; the time, that of the dismal misadventure in Crete, just before Hitler's invasion of Russia. Guy Crouchback, who in "Men at Arms" had some curious and disturbing experiences with an infantry brigade, here volunteers for training with the commandos. The formula for satire also is the same in both books consisting of a surprising and potent mixture of Noel Coward insouciance, hilarious improvisations of the sex theme, sly studies in British snobbery, and galling (magnificently reported) accounts of the fatuous fumbling of leadership in the midst of world crisis. This audacious and heady blend of unlike ingredients stimulates laughter again and again but its aftertaste is as bitter as the author meant it to be.

The threads of the narrative are several and they are woven together in the consciousness of two central figures, Ian Kilbannock and Guy Crouchback. These essentially sober young men offer their intelligences as the points of observation for the ribald hilarities and cruelly disillusioning incidents of the novel. These show many commandos in action. One a brash and degraded Cockney on the make blunders quite by accident into a raid on the French coast. He cowers, whines, and sweats through the episode doing nothing at all; but when it is over he takes credit for the spontaneously courageous action of one of his men and allows himself to be inflated into a public hero. In the midst of the wild confusion of the campaign in Crete another commando completely disintegrates under the influence of his animal greeds. Still another, who has seemed to be the fastidious product of the British tradition of sportsmanship, deserts his command and shamelessly saves himself from capture. Here and there a naive man remains loyal to a code that he is too innocent to betray or a shrewd man improvises a pattern of behavior that sometimes seems courageous. But Waugh's point is that war is a blatant insult to the sensibilities and that most men crumple before it.

This presumably is not the end of Waugh's report on the soul of man under fire. But these two books, he says, constitute a whole, a story of one man's patient journey toward despair. With it Waugh takes a higher place than he seemed previously to occupy. He emerges as a writer who, like the Elizabethans of E. E. Stoll's description, can take emotions "strong and mixed." "Officers and Gentlemen" is deft and amusing, sober and appalling. And it offers, incidentally, one of the most graceful salutes of many seasons to the flexibility of the English language as an instrument of expression.

THE AUTHOR: For the last three decades or so Evelyn Waugh, whose fifteen books have prompted the critics to run the gamut of praise from "devilishly clever" to "he is often insufferable, as he is incomparable," has had an unbreakable hold on a nice set of reputations: "England's wittiest writer" and "one of the sharpest of all the English social satirists." Waugh began impressing the English with his first pourings of literary acid. That was with "Decline and Fall" back in 1928, when Waugh was not long out of Oxford, and with "Vile Bodies," in 1930. For a long time, however, in America Evelyn Waugh was best known as a man with an eminently unpronounceable name. "Evil-in Waw," not "Ev-l-in Waff," is the right way. "Brideshead Revisited," which appeared here in 1945, changed all that by making Waugh a best seller. M-G-M offered him $150,000 for the film rights to the book, but he turned it down when he could not get "Molotov veto rights" over the script. "My problem," he explained to *Life* readers in 1946, "has been to distil comedy and sometimes tragedy from the knockabout farce of people's outward behavior." It has been frequently protested that his writings are often saturated with a kind of social snobbery. "I reserve the right to deal with the kind of people I know best," he says unworriedly. When he isn't dealing with the people he knows best Waugh spends his time with his numerous children and his books. The other day in his old Gloucestershire manor he discussed the future. "We have a proverb in my country," he began, "that a hen should not count her chickens before they are hatched. The cares of a large household make it desirable for me to continue at work for many years to come. I pray that I retain my faculties until my youngest child has completed his education. I have in mind at least one (probably more) study of the characters in these two [latest] books. Perhaps a third volume may appear in 1957. Modern taxation makes haste unprofitable—I hope and believe to the benefit of literature." —BERNARD KALB.

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Russian Grotesques

"The Collected Stories of Isaac Babel" *(translated by Walter Morison; with an introduction by Lionel Trilling. Criterion Books. 381 pp. $5). are sketches of Russian-Jewish life. Our reviewer is Ludwig Lewisohn of Brandeis University, author of a score of works on Jewish and literary subjects.*

By Ludwig Lewisohn

TO THE false estimates against which Matthew Arnold warned so long ago now—the historical, the personal—many others have since been added. There is the estimate derived from the French notion of a *succès de snobisme* and this snob estimate assumes a variety of forms. It can be an inverted snobbery, rejoicing in nothing but the vulgar and sordid; it can be socio-political, as it was in the days of 1929 when Isaac Babel's "Red Cavalry" was published and when warm young adherents of the Soviet Utopia would have perished rather than not see a masterpiece in it.

The elements in that false estimate were many and curious. Babel was a Jew, a Jew of Odessa, a city of vital Jewish life and high Jewish intellectual productivity in Czarist times. And this young Jew fought in and for the revolution. Nor was this all. He was an officer in the Soviet armies and fought, of all things, with the Cossack cavalry, the Cossacks being the traditional *pogromchiks* or Jew-killers. Here, then, were slogan and flag for every young intellectual of a certain persuasion who was in full flight from or open rebellion against his ancestral faith and form and hoped that in a Soviet Utopia he would be able to shed both.

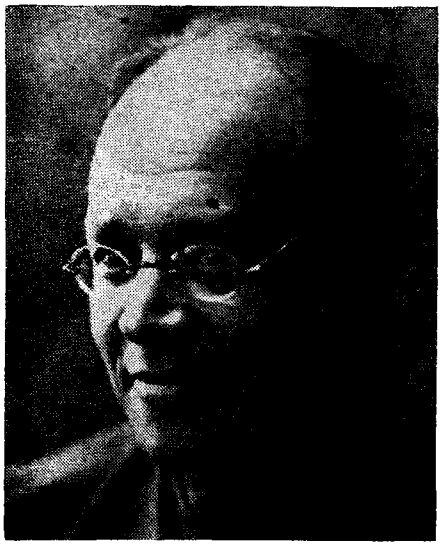
Babel himself was never wholly deceived. That he would be liquidated in the late Thirties could easily have been foreseen. For in the days when the aforesaid warm young men and women told you that a revolution was no picnic" Babel wrote the following dialogue between himself and Gedali, a learned and pious Jew:

> "She cannot do without shooting, Gedali," I told the old man. "because she is the Revolution."
>
> "But the Poles, kind sir, shot because they were the Counter-Revolution. You shoot because you are the Revolution. But surely the Revolution means Joy. And joy does not like orphans in the house. Good men do good deeds. The Revolution is the good deed of good men. But good men do not kill. So it is bad people who are making the Revolution. But the Poles are bad people, too. Then how is Gedali to tell which is the Revolution and which is Counter-Revolution? . . . Woe unto us! Where is the joy-giving Revolution?"

It is, of course, always dangerous to judge a piece of literature in translation. But according to the evidence afforded by the newly published "Collected Stories of Isaac Babel," Babel was a writer of sketches rather than stories. He had no narrative rhythm; he had no structure. The progression is spasmodic. There is no shred of creative tranquility, which has nothing to do, of course, with the character of the subject matter. The people delineated are all grotesques, not symbolic grotesques, like Pecksniff or Squeers or Babbitt, but grotesques masquerading as people.

The strictly Jewish stories have many moments of poignancy, nostalgia, a pain that is not ignoble. But even in these stories there is scarcely a moment of true clarity or one on which the mind or the sensibilities can dwell. All is hasty, jumbled; the intrusive imagery is violent and never, or almost never, either just or illuminative. The texture reminds one of the second-rate products of German expressionism without the hard intellectuality to which men like Kaiser and Sternheim at least aspired.

Doubtless within the brief and turbulent period of his productivity and within the framework of his own tongue there lies a more favorable estimate of Babel. But with this English version before us and in view of the extravagant American estimates, strictly partisan and open to every suspicion, what has here been said is corrective—a badly needed corrective and reconsideration.



Isaac Babel—"moments of poignancy."

Noble Conqueror

"Hannibal of Carthage," by Mary Dolan *(Macmillan. 308 pp. $3.75), is a fictional re-creation of the heroic warrior who never was able to achieve his determination to humble Rome.*

By Harrison Smith

IT IS not at all remarkable that Mary Dolan's "Hannibal of Carthage," the story of one of the noblest as well as one of the most unfortunate of the great men of action of antiquity, should be written by a young American woman, since many of the most enduring historical novels have been produced by women. But it is astonishing that the military genius who attempted to conquer the Roman Empire twenty-two centuries ago should have been neglected by nearly all the novelists of this generation. Her book did not, apparently, require the vast amount of erudition or historical research which Margaret Yourcenar revealed in her immensely popular "Hadrian's Memoirs" of last year. Hannibal's life is, literally, an open book. His biography was written shortly after his death by studious Greeks who were attached to his camp, notably a Greek slave, Sosilus, whom Miss Dolan uses as the narrator of her account of her hero's life. Considering the almost intolerable length of most historical novels, it is to Miss Dolan's credit that she has been able to condense her dramatic narrative into three hundred or so pages.

Miss Dolan's epic story begins with the ordeal of a young Greek child who was captured by pirates, sold to an aging Athenian philosopher, who brought him up both as his slave and his adopted son. When the old man died he was captured again, and shipped to Carthage to teach Hannibal, a nobleman's son, the language and literature of Greece. Hannibal and his youthful slave were sent to Spain, where the noble youth was trained in the arts of war. At the age of twenty-five Hannibal commanded the Carthaginian province of Spain. He subdued the Northern tribes, and attacked the Roman port of Saguntum, capturing the city after a long siege. Rome declared war.

Carthage was a seafaring and trading nation and, like England centuries later, it needed command of the approaches to the Atlantic. Hannibal marched his polyglot army and his elephants to the Alps and accomplished the miracle of crossing its frozen heights. He attempted the im-

(*Continued on page* 26)

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—*Philippe Halsman.*

The Eisenhower brothers—"the spirit of integrity and a sense of independence."

A Generation in Flower

"The Great American Heritage: The Story of the Five Eisenhower Brothers," by Bela Kornitzer *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 331 pp. $5), is an attempt to discover the forces that made five Texas farm boys turn out so well. It is reviewed here by Jack Steele, Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance's Washington correspondent.*

By Jack Steele

A NEWSPAPERMAN once asked the late Ida Eisenhower whether she was proud of her famous son.

"Which one?" Mrs. Eisenhower asked right back.

The reporter meant, of course, Dwight D. Eisenhower, who was then at the peak of his military career as Allied Supreme Commander in Europe. But his mother's response was inspired by more than maternal pride in all of her sons. Each of the five living Eisenhower brothers has achieved some measure of fame in his own right:

Arthur, the eldest, is executive vice president of a Kansas City bank, one of the largest in the Midwest. He was the first brother to make good in a material way. Edgar is a prominent lawyer and civic leader in Spokane, Wash. He managed to disprove his father's fears that honesty and the practice of law could never go hand in hand. Dwight is President of the United States. Earl, an engineer, recently began a new career as manager of a suburban newspaper at La Grange, Ill. Milton, the youngest, after seventeen years of Government service turned to education. He is now President of Pennsylvania State University and chief adviser to his brother in the White House. (A sixth brother, Roy, a pharmacist, died in 1942.)

Bela Kornitzer in "The Great American Heritage" undertakes to explain why the Eisenhower brothers turned out so well. His book, as the title suggests, is an attempt to distil the essence of the "American heritage" out of the story of a single generation of one family. The scope of his theme induced the brothers—including the President—to drop some of their reticence about family affairs and tell him many recollections and impressions of their parents, their early years, and each other. But Mr. Kornitzer cut out a big order for himself and, even with such a remarkable family as the Eisenhowers as his subject, he has not entirely succeeded.

As an Hungarian refugee he draws much inspiration from the nurturing of the Eisenhower brothers in what has become known as the Great American Tradition. So will millions of Americans, who also will find that many incidents in the Eisenhower family story remind them nostalgically of events in their own lives.

THE Eisenhower parents—David and Ida—were hard-working, relatively poor, deeply religious, and firm in their discipline. They instilled in their sons the spirit of integrity and a sense of independence. These are the virtues which traditionally breed presidents and successful bankers, lawyers, educators, and businessmen. And they are not to be scoffed at in an age when the newspapers are filled with reports of juvenile and parental delinquency and of the evils of television, comic books, and pornography.

Yet most of the influences which shaped the lives of the Eisenhower brothers were essentially Germanic rather than American in origin. The Eisenhowers and the Stovers (Ida Eisenhower's forebears) came to America in the mid-eighteenth century. But the family clannishly clung to Old World traits, customs, and even language for a century or more.

David and Ida Eisenhower's religious fervor sprang from their devotion to a tiny Mennonite sect. Their hard work, thrift, and emphasis on a closely-knit and disciplined family unit were basically Teutonic. Even the Eisenhower predilections to laugh and play hard and their interests in music and history might be traced to German origins. But, with dramatic suddenness, the melting pot had its effect and a generation of brothers blossomed forth fully Americanized to make its mark. One brother led the armies which crushed the tyranny of a Nazified Germany and went on to become one of the most popular of American Presidents.

The other brothers have taken Ike's fame in their stride. Proud though they are of his accomplishments, ever in talking to Mr. Kornitzer they stuck to their determination to do or say nothing which might seem to capitalize on or detract from his success. And David and Ida Eisenhower, the pacifists who did not quite approve of Dwight going to West Point although they did not stand in his way justifiably would be proud today of all of their sons.

Mr. Kornitzer has done a real service in pulling together the family story. It would have been a better story if his editors had made him tighten it up and eliminate some annoying repetitions.

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Scuffle with Expediency

***"The Private Diary of a Public Servant," by Martin Merson** (Macnillan. (171 pp. $3), is a record of five months in 1953, when Senator McCarthy and his aides were waging war with the United States Information Service; it is the work of an administrative aide to the USIS's director. Our reviewer, James M. Minifie, covers the Washington scene for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.*

By James M. Minifie

MARTIN MERSON'S "The Private Diary of a Public Servant" documents a frightening phase of domestic politics. It tells in detail the daily fluctuations of the struggle to get the American story to the world. It focuses on the "battle of the books" in 1953 and on the desperate effort to make American information services abroad reflect the true face of America rather than the expedient façade. It is a record of some of the disasters which resulted when expediency was placed above principle.

Specifically the book tells the story of the effort of Dr. Robert L. Johnson, president of Temple University, to save the Information Service from being snuffed out by the combined strength of penny-pinchers, Senator McCarthy, and the disciples of expediency at the White House and in the State Department.

Mr. Merson, who was brought in by Dr. Johnson as special consultant, memorized the progress of the scuffle in diary form from February 18, 1953 to July 31, 1953, when they gave the president an account of their stewardship and said goodbye. Thinking it over two years later Mr. Merson concludes: "I believe it was the first time anyone in the Eisenhower Administration had faced up to the fact that you cannot compromise with what you consider evil and retain your self-respect, and furthermore had proved that it was not only bad morals but bad politics to do so."

Political atmosphere in the United States changes fast. It is already a little hard to believe the hysteria which dominated those days. It is hard to believe that "one minor Senator and a few fanatical aides intimidated even the President of the United States."

It has yet to be shown, however, that the weak streak in high places which made such compromises possible has been eliminated.

Dr. Johnson addressed himself to the immediate task of restoring the International Information Agency, as the creature's latest incarnation had been ticketed, to its function as a conduit between the source of news and the thirsty world. There is more than a suggestion that the springs themselves were contaminated, but it was not his mission to investigate or do anything about that. Mr. Merson notes that somewhere along the line the terms of Dr. Johnson's mission were changed without his knowledge and in violation of an express commitment. It was an ominous beginning.

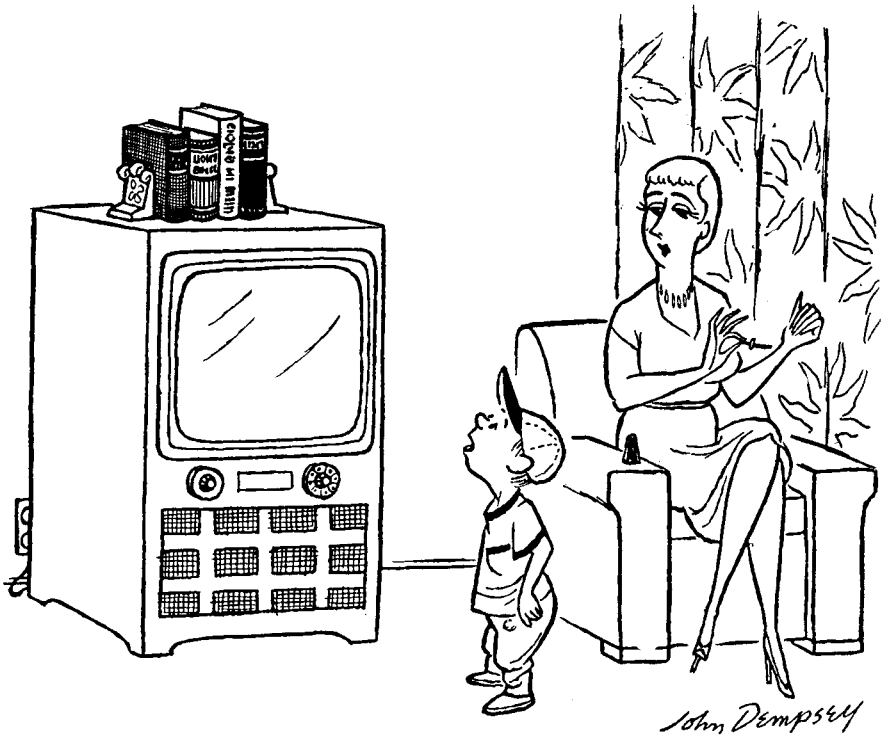
THE book recites briefly the unhappy details of the Reed Harris case, the "book-burning" flounder, and David Schine's little list. It tells how it was ultimately possible to write the liberating policy statement which directed that a book must be judged by its content rather than by the political views or security rating of its author. Dr. Johnson and Mr. Merson felt a pride which they considered justified in that they had cleared and cleansed the conduit.

It was not the complete solution to the problem of presenting the American story to the world. But it may lead the reader to consider the residual crisis.

It is this: Every reporter in Washington is aware that the sources of news are drying up. The unofficial sources are hesitant. The official ones are scared to death. The fight to restore news sources now being waged is as important as the battle for integrity waged by Johnson and Merson.

They revitalized their agency. But its gravest current handicap is that the facts are not available. This can be documented. It was not the American agency but the Japanese who published the chemical analysis of the elements in the fall-out of the superbomb exploded at Bikini March 1, 1954. It was not the Atomic Energy Commission but private scientists working on the Japanese data who first revealed that lethal fall-out might contaminate some 7,000 square miles for weeks, months, or even years. Detailed pictures of American military aircraft which could not be given to American readers were printed in Japanese magazines. The list could be extended. It is a long one, and growing.

It would perhaps be too much to ask Dr. Johnson and Mr. Merson to come back and strike the rock. But the propaganda service they revived is fainting again from lack of facts.



"What's that—a new kind of antenna?"

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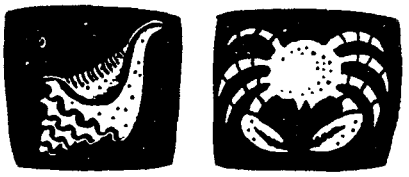
A Tidy, Natural Taste



"Birthdays from the Ocean," by Isabella Gardner *(Houghton Mifflin. 43 pp. $3), is the latest work of a poet of rare natural ability.*

By Edith Sitwell

ISABELLA GARDNER is a very acccomplished natural poet. Her poems have much charm; her technique is polished as well as natural, and is inherent in the uses to which she puts it and in the material it shapes. There is no flopping, no untidy hanging about, none of that unfortunate mincing and teetering that is to be found in so many poems written by women.

The poems in her new book, "Birthdays from the Ocean," are full of a delightful and natural fancy. "Nothing is so atrocious as fancy without taste," said Goethe. I imagine he referred to that incrusting fancy (a kind of debased rhetoric) put at random on a poem as shells are gummed on to a box. But Miss Gardner's poems are devoid of little tricks and trinkets. The poems arise from her personality. They have taste, and they have considerable grace.

"Poetry should always be running upon pleasant feet, sometimes swift, sometimes slow," as Puttenham wrote in 1589 ("The Art of English Poesie"). And that is true of Miss Gardner's poems. They run naturally, and they fly naturally, "a covey of poetic partridges, with whirring wings of music," unlike Coleridge's lamented "metaphysical bustard, winging its slow, laborious, earth-skimming flight over dreary and level wastes." The metaphysical bustard is admired in some circles. But Miss Gardner will have none of him.

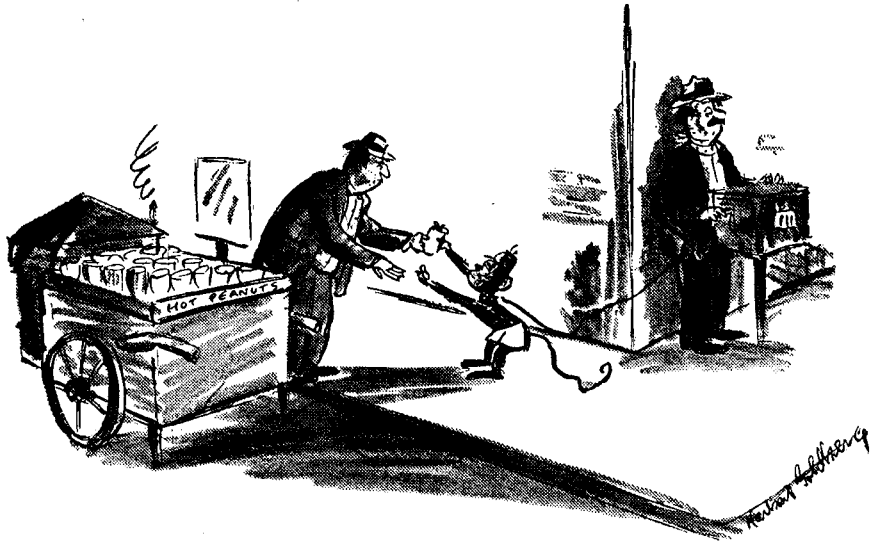
I read recently the following quotation from Georges Rouault: "Anyone can revolt; it is more difficult silently to obey our own interior promptings, and to spend our lives finding sincere and fitting means to expression for our temperament and gifts. Is it not better to be a Chardin than a pale and unhappy reflection of the great Florentine?"

It is indeed. And Miss Gardner is one of those happy poets who understands, perfectly, in what direction her own gifts lie.

One of the best poems in the book is "Of Flesh and Bone." These lines may be given as an example of her accomplishment:

Child and girl each morning summer
  winter or dismay
my eyes saw waterfalls my ears
  heard madrigals I tasted
strawberries touched moss smelt hay
  and roses, and
    through the blue
the bright sky I with my first and
  once-love flew.
Willow-boned sun-marrowed and
  air-skinned,
sea-water in my veins, I drank wine
  and the southwest wind.

Here the opening and closing movement brought about by the external and internal rhymes makes a sound like fanning air, and is lovely.



Take the following poem, "Fall i Massachusetts":

I saw the tall bush burn.
(Nineteen times a gallows-tree . . .
The tongue of fire muted by our
  guilt. There cannot be
a voice for deaf New Englanders
  vowed never to be healed.)
I saw where a manna of flame had
  unfallowed the starving field
    where a witch charred
    where her bones roared
where each of the good-wives took
  her choice of holiday or skewerd
  house
and the mewing children barked
  another name
to their elders gathering apple-
  wood boughs
    and the sweet, the kindling fer
    while cinders blew; and sham

This strong and controlled poem is least as good as "Of Flesh and Bone How exact are her observations a the sound embodying that observ tion in the third line of this passa from "Children Are Game"—

Now in a grove of auburn bon
the spindling skeletons of summer
  flowers,
I hear the soft snow hiss through
  fir and spruce."

(the dissonontal "hiss" and "spruc —the latter word sharper, more e bodied—give a strange effect)—a in the beautiful line "Listen, t greenness whistles" from "It Rain Last Night."

The poems have a quiet wisdom:

Behold the fire and the wood but
  where is the lamb
for the burnt offering?" said little
  Isaac trembling.
"God will provide" said Abraham.
    Fathers of Isaacs cease
      dissembling.
    Will every thicket yield a ra

"Charm," wrote Jean Cocteau "Le Coq et L'Arlequin" ("Rappe l'Ordre"), "needs a profound t One must cling to the edge of cancy. Nearly all graceful artists over the edge. Rossini, Tchaikovs Weber, Gounod, Chabrier . . . l over, but do not fall. They have deep root, and this allows them lean very far."

Miss Gardner's poems do not semble the work of any of these co posers. But she too has a deep r The charm of her poems is in danger. and is entirely delightful.

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Renew the Wonder

"Selected Poems," by Lincoln Fitzell *(Alan Swallow. 88 pp. $2.75), represents the efforts of an authentic poet to revive the principles of classicism.*

By Gerard Previn Meyer

LINCOLN FITZELL'S poetry *might*, perhaps, be discussed without some reference to Yvor Winters and the "Gyroscope" group of poets (*floruit* c. 1930), that California "school" which took its direction from the critical theories of Mr. Winters. But Mr. Fitzell's career as a poet has been so orientated—or occidentated—that such an approach would amount to a deliberate ignoring of the obvious: the obvious in this case being his too evident fidelity to the principles of his mentor.

His new volume of "Selected Poems" shows Mr. Fitzell as both an authentic poet and one who has somehow missed the boat. What went wrong? To this reviewer, at least, it seems that a foredoomed effort to revive the principles of classicism in a romantic age—to follow the Gyroscope credo, in short—was the prime factor.

For here is a writer who is capable of striking, even magnificent, images and lines. "From the scarf and ragged past" sweeps forth like Dylan Thomas. "What tree is leaf by leaf unwound" has the sound of major poetry: as has "Beyond the bulwark of the bone / The sea leaps, furious and blind." His first and last lines are, more often than not, compelling, setting up resonances; there are paired lines, too (for example, "One shall return by morning star / To watch the sun rise without sound"), which, by their crisp perception and bell-like tone, renew the sense of wonder. There are, even, complete fine poems: "Dirge," "Medal," "Lines to the Past," "Remembering April," "Arena." And there is always craftsmanship.

But mostly the effort to achieve the classical balance imposed by the Gyroscope turns out to be the classical Procrustean bed. "True classicism begins with a form . . . It holds that the poet has a medium to express, rather than a personality." Accepting this doctrine Mr. Fitzell, like the eighteenth-century neo-classicists who clung so desperately to the heroic couplet, fits whatever he has to say, however diverse, into the same (or nearly the same) close-knit quatrains. Since these poems are, of course, not intended as mere exercises, but to have individual impact, it must be reported that the specific gravity of emotion generally seems too low to warrant the density of epithet and image. The tension in the lines suggests no perceptible point of origin: the impersonal theory thus reveals its basic hollowness.

"Morning Rise: A Soliloquy," the last section of this book, which evokes not merely a time (the early Thirties) and a place (San Francisco), but also an immediate human reaction, is something else. Here at last Mr. Fitzell allows himself greater scope, freer rhythms, longer and more irregular lines, and the intrusion of the first-person singular. True, the display of emotion may be at times reminiscent of Hart Crane, while the nervous cadences have other echoes. But at least one feels the poet is closer to springs of poetry, and further away from Winters.

Notes

SELF AND THE ADOLESCENT: The "middle voice" in Greek grammar is midway between active and passive. In borrowing this expressive phrase for the title of her first book collection of poems, **"The Middle Voice"** (Alan Swallow, $2), Constance Carrier reveals herself not only as one trained in the classical tongues—as a teacher of Latin in Connecticut when she is not writing poetry she would have to be—but also as one capable of considerable perspective towards her own achievement. Neither lost plunger into the vortex nor completely detached observer, she recognizes the special advantages of her position and makes the most of it.

From this platform of ultra-classical balance, then, Miss Carrier deals subtly, not sentimentally, with a theme which in the hands of less well-poised observers usually dissolves into bathos: the emergence of self in the adolescent. True, in her professional capacity she has had unique opportunities for appraising this phenomenon close-hand; nevertheless, it is the poet's point-of-vantage that in her most successful pieces ("The Tides Around the Square," "Seminary," "Peter at Fourteen," "Lisa") transmutes these perceptions into moving verse.

What of the middle-vocalist herself? Well, in those pages in "The Middle Voice" which seem most clearly to speak for the speaker there are resonances of a personality thoroughly aware of "the crawling quarreling seething roots" of the unconscious: the "emptiness" that "lies under" the elaborate contrivances of

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

YOU HAVE A DATE

Novelists and poets with tales to tell are usually chary about using pinpointed dates—month, day, and year complete. But sometimes, as below, they are as specific as the calendar itself. Ability to answer no more than five of the subjoined questions will not be cause for self-congratulation, but if you can manage six or seven you are good, and if you get all eight you have read widely and remembered well. Answers on page 18.

1. Who was saved from death at the stake when an eclipse of the sun took place (as he had predicted it would) on June 21, 528?
2. What short-story title-hero who married "Edith the wyffe late of John Stocker" on "the xiiij day of December 1539" was fatally stabbed by his brother-in-law?
3. Who ran away from Hull on a London-bound ship on December 1, 1651, only to be shipwrecked in Yarmouth Roads a few days later?
4. What 21,000-line poem immortalizes a murder for which the guilty party paid the penalty
   "At Rome on February Twenty Two,
   Since our salvation Sixteen Ninety Eight"?
5. The title-hero of what novel was "begot in the night, betwixt the first Sunday and the first Monday in the month of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighteen"?
6. What familiar French romance opens with the sentence: "On the 28th of February, 1815, the watch-tower of Notre-Dame de la Garde signaled the three-master, the *Pharon*, from Smyrna, Trieste, and Naples"?
7. What superbly constructed vehicle broke down completely on November 1, 1855, the centennial anniversary of a catastrophic seismic disturbance?
8. The dissolution of what organization on October 9, 1890 precipitated the frustration of a carefully cased London bank robbery?

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the mind. But, as "Transformation Scene" suggests, Miss Carrier is too sensitive to the dangers of inhabiting a haunted house to want to stay there very long.

That is why she appears at her very best in such semi-detached moments as the view of the war memorial in "Pro Patria" and the group picture in "Picnic in the Grove." "The moment, the moment only, is immortal"; the best Latin poets knew this, too.

—GERARD PREVIN MEYER.

REMEMBERED TIME AND PLACE: In the poem that provides Sarah King Carleton's first "collected poems," **"No New Country"** (Bookman Associates, $2.75), with its title the poet indicates the direction she has chosen (or that has chosen her): "It is no new country you are seeking / the desired country is the place you will always come back to." Coming back, of course, implies having gone away first; and the persistence of the theme of loss in many of these poems suggests Mrs. Carleton believes we may have gone too far away from "the good and the true and the beautiful" to come all the way back. "You can't go home again," as Tom Wolfe put it.

But she belies the very finality of this by her adeptness in evoking remembered place and time through a quiet but effective music. In such lyrics as "Wind and Water," for example (even though she concludes with apparent resignation, "I shall dissolve and be gone as a bubble is broken / before the meaning is clear or the secret spoken"), she has already, through her sensitivity to scene, extracted or at least implied what meaning there is.

Actually, for a romantic poet of nature—which Mrs. Carleton certainly is, even to the avowed distaste for the urban ("jangling light on the sky," "catacombs of stone and steel," etc.) —the meaning that always lies just around the corner, the secret that is never completely disclosed, in fine, the mystery, is fundamental. And since nature is never more mysterious than when it is perceived in quiet, when, in effect, it says, "Here I am, demanding nothing, make of me what you wish, I shall not prompt you nor interrupt," it is in the listening silences of the natural world that this poet is most at home.

Tree sounds, the look of water, the smell of a swamp, "waves that ripple gently without tide"—these things are always the same in a changing world. "We are come home, nothing is changed!" The sympathy for human loss that gives the natural scene its special poignancy should assure this poetry a ready audience. —G. R. M.

THEATRE

Was Marlowe the Bard?

"The Murder of the Man Who Was 'Shakespeare'," by Calvin Hoffman *(Julian Messner. 232 pp. $3.95), develops the thesis that the great works of William Shakespeare were actually written by Christopher Marlowe. Professor G. B. Harrison of the University of Michigan, who reviews it below, is the author of "Shakespeare's Tragedies" and other books.*

By G. B. Harrison

CALVIN HOFFMAN'S purpose in "The Murder of the Man Who Was 'Shakespeare'" is to "prove" that Christopher Marlowe wrote the works attributed to William Shakespeare. After brooding for nineteen years (during which "I roamed through graveyards, I crawled into dusty tombs, I shivered in the dampness of veritable archives, and in the musty atmosphere of libraries whose book-lined shelves had remained undisturbed for centuries"), Mr. Hoffman was faced with the dilemma that "Marlowe's homicide at the age of twenty-nine—a matter of historical record—had cut him off at an age when he could not possibly have written the bulk of the Shakespeare Canon. And yet—and yet—it must be Marlowe!" *Must be* is a favorite phrase of Mr. Hoffman; but *must be* is neither scholarship nor evidence.

The whole argument depends on the date and the fact of Marlowe's death. As it happens, the facts concerning the death of Christopher Marlowe are well known.

In May 1593 Marlowe was suspected of heretical opinions. By order of the Privy Council a messenger of the Chamber was sent to the house of Thomas Walsingham in Kent, where Marlowe was believed to be staying, with orders to bring him to the Court. Marlowe reported to the Council on May 20 and was commanded to attend daily until he should be licensed to the contrary. Ten days later he was killed in a house at Deptford belonging to "a certain Eleanor Bull, widow." The Coroner's report of the incident was discovered and published by Dr. Leslie Hotson in 1925. According to this report Marlowe spent the day from ten in the morning until six in the evening in the company of three men, Ingram Frizer, Nicholas Skeres, and Robert Poley. Marlowe and Frizer began to quarrel. Marlowe pulled Frizer's dagger from its sheath and attacked him; and in the struggle that followed Marlowe was fatally stabbed in the eye. Two days later his burial is recorded in the register of St. Nicholas Church at Deptford.

Marlowe's companions, as other records show, were choice ruffians, and their account of the affair may well have been false; but the fact that Marlowe died violently on May 30, 1593 is as well established as any fact from the past can ever be.

But Mr. Hoffman is not satisfied. His version of the affair, described in lurid and colorful detail, is that Thomas Walsingham had homosexual relations with Marlowe and wished to save him from condemnation for blasphemy. He therefore caused Frizer, Skeres, and Poley to lure some unfortunate (and unnamed) sailor into the house at Deptford, where he was first made drunk and then murdered, and his body passed off as Marlowe's. Meanwhile Marlowe himself was sent overseas to safety. "This is, of course"—as Mr. Hoffman admits—"only a fictionalized approximation of how the Marlowe-Shakespeare fraud began. But it must have happened somewhat in this way."

IT CAN hardly be expected that in a work of fictionalized approximation the author should be so pedantic as to provide page references to his authorities, a list of works consulted, or even an index, but if Mr. Hoffman expects to be taken seriously by students he must at least play the game according to the rules. Until he can produce some definite and verifiable evidence that someone saw Marlowe alive after May 30, 1593 his case for Marlowe's authorship of Shakespeare's plays is not worth examination.

However, Mr. Hoffman does add by way of appendix thirty pages of parallelisms between Marlowe and Shakespeare. Some are very slight and far-fetched; others quite striking. They confirm the known fact that William Shakespeare belonged to the Magnificent Race of Borrowers, and that he had a keen sense for the value and the use of a telling phrase.

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Specter Over Broadway

Walter Kerr—"a diagnosis and a cure."

"How Not to Write a Play," by Walter Kerr *(Simon & Schuster. 244 pp. $3.50), is the attempt of the* New York Herald Tribune*'s drama critic to diagnose the ills of and prescribe a cure for today's theatre. Francis Fergusson, our reviewer, is the author of "The Idea of a Theatre" and other books.*

By Francis Fergusson

WALTER KERR of the *New York Herald Tribune*—"toughest N.Y. legit critic," as *Variety* calls him—presents his diagnosis of our theatre's ills and his prescription for their cure in a volume called "How Not to Write a Play." The ills, he says, are desperate: "The most alarming thing about the contemporary American theatre is the absolute regularity of its march toward extinction." But Mr. Kerr has a diagnosis and a cure, both of which are so simple that it is surprising no one thought of them before.

His diagnosis is as follows: The rapid decline of the theatre is not due to the competition of the movies, radio, or television, or to the wasteful and irrational structure of show-business, or to the price of theatre tickets, or to any other factor but the intellectual playwrights' wilful desire to kill it. It was Shaw who advised them to imitate Ibsen and Chekhov, in order to please the intelligent and to insult, irritate, and finally drive away the "universal audience." They took this advice, and now have only themselves and Shaw to blame for the sad result: a few undernourished highbrows writing for each other, while the universal audience leaves them strictly alone. Sophocles, Shakespeare, Molière, Racine, and Chaplin (I thought he was in the movies) knew better: they wooed the "uncultivated mass" and were rewarded with cash plus greatness.

Mr. Kerr's strategy—picking the luckless intellectuals as scapegoat and then recruiting the classics for his crusade—is effective enough to be somewhat demoralizing on a first reading. Is it later than we think, 1984 already? But let us not lose our common sense. The plight of the theatre is mysterious, but at least it is clear that many factors are involved, including all those that Mr. Kerr rules out. Our playwrights, "intellectual" or not, are as eager to be popular, rich, and great as Mr. Kerr is. When they use Ibsen's methods it is not because Shaw told them to, but because they find those methods useful in reaching a modern crowd. If some of them are Chekhovian (Mr. Kerr accuses Robert Anderson, Truman Capote, William Inge, and Tennessee Williams among others) it is not because they wish to ape Chekhov or insult the audience, but rather that their sense of contemporary life is akin to Chekhov's. As for Sophocles, Shakespeare, Molière, and Racine, if their greatness were due solely to their wooing of the "uncultivated mass" one would expect that some of those who so single-mindedly woo it in our time would write a "King Lear" or a "School for Wives" now and then, and make a million dollars out of it. If "Oedipus Rex" was written for "the universal audience" why is it not now packing them in on Broadway? The fact is, of course, that the religious Festival of Dionysos has little in common with Times Square, and that in trying to reach the crowd which assembles there our playwrights face very different problems from Sophocles's.

WHEN Mr. Kerr comes to explain his objections to Ibsenesque and Chekhovian plays he makes better sense. Shakespeare could sketch in a scene more swiftly than any modern realist; his verse has more depth, feeling, and flexibility than accurately-reported cocktail-party conversation, and his swift stories are more effective theatrically than our quiet anecdotes. These observations are not new, but Mr. Kerr repeats them with great conviction and illustrates them with many apt quotations. In these chapters he is, if not intellectual himself, at least guilty of some past associations with the writings of intellectuals.

"We've been talking about the legitimate stage," Mr. Kerr writes toward the end of his book. "Is there nothing that can be done—while we are caught between clearly defined cycles—to loosen its creative energies?" His answer is a quieter version of his anti-egghead thesis: "I doubt that the answer is to be found in experiment. 'Experiment' is a horrible word." But "There is one thing we can change: Our habits of thought. We can stop being so tensed up with virtue. We can relax our righteousness. We can stretch and smile and learn to feel comfortable." This sounds as pleasant as can be, but if we take its implications seriously we rule out the little-theatre movement, the late-lamented Federal Theatre, the patient playwriting experiments of Thornton Wilder's apprenticeship, most of the best work in college theatres all over the country, and the present exciting off-Broadway movement—in short, all but show-business in the narrowest sense.

Mr. Kerr hints from time to time that he is not completely at ease with his anti-egghead crusade. "One hesitates," he says, "to develop an anti-intellectual position in an age which is increasingly—and on every front—anti-intellectual." But I am glad he didn't hesitate very long. For his book can help us to understand the frightened and snobbish spirit of our dwindling "legit" show-business; and this spirit is both a symptom and a cause of our theatre's illness.

Intruder

By Ethel Jacobson

WORLD, a little longer wait,
Your hand upon this neat white gate;
Before you stumble rudely through—
Stop. Admire the view:
The tidy beds of mignonette,
Forget-me-not and violet,
Roses pruned with patient care,
And butterflies—butterflies everywhere!
Let your eye follow the smooth raked path
To the splashing of martins in their bath,
Before bush and bird retreat
At the thunder of your feet.

World, with your hand upon the latch,
Pause and let the senses snatch
Something of this doomed moment. Soon
You may have need to remember June
And martins in a garden. . . .

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How to "Be" an Actor

"Stanislavsky Directs," by Nikolai M. Gorchakov *(translated by Miriam Goldina. Funk & Wagnalls. 402 pp. $4.75), is an illuminating description of the working practices of a director with a far-reaching influence on today's theatre. It is reviewed below by Lee Strasberg, a director of the Actors' Studio, perhaps the leading American exponent of the "Stanislavsky method."*

By Lee Strasberg

THE work of Konstantin Stanislavsky is the single most important influence in the modern theatre. His contribution as a director to the Moscow Art Theatre created a new era in the theatre. Audience and critic alike acknowledged it as the first theatre in the world. Less known to the audience, but more significant and lasting was the work in the studios, where the basis for this excellence was laid and where actors and directors were trained according to his ideas—the Stanislavsky "system" or "method." After his death in 1938 his ideas continued to spread and now serve as a guide and inspiration to theatre people all over the world. There is a Stanislavsky Institute in Germany. The actors in the modern Japanese theatre study Stanislavsky. The inspiration of his teaching is today most potent in the work of young American actors and directors, and promises to create a modern American theatre style based on a dynamic realism, an intensity of actors' experience, a deeper psychologic penetration of character and situation, and a search for more expressive theatre style for each production.

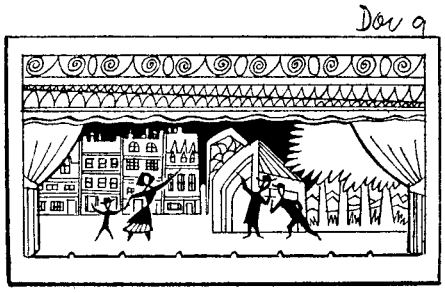
Stanislavsky's ideas can best be learned by participating in a training group that makes use of them. There are, of course, differences in interpretation, emphasis, understanding, and practice. But these are the inevitable concomitants of any method of work which develops over a period of time and shows variations of intentions and procedures. Stanislavsky himself tried to finalize his work in a series of books. These are more valuable as a summary and explanation to those that already know what it's all about. Stanislavsky's strength, by all accounts, lay in his practice, in his wonderful insight and ability to understand and excite the actor's imagination and experience. He had difficulty systematizing and generalizing his ideas. He resented putting it down in final form, since it was always related to a specific problem and circumstance.

"Stanislavsky Directs," by Nicolai M. Gorchakov, accomplishes exactly that. It is not a theoretic treatise. It does not pretend to be an interpretation. It is not a work of original thought. It is a simple, direct, stenographic, amazingly alive description of what Stanislavsky said and did, of the problems he tried to solve and the imaginative means he devised to appeal to the actor at the moment of creation. It gives the reader a front-row seat back stage, at the kind of rehearsals that no visitors are usually permitted to attend. It permits Stanislavsky's work to be seen in the proper perspective and circumstances, in a way that his own books do not. It helps to make clear what exactly Stanislavsky meant when he said that his method could not and should not be imitated. Obviously, he could not have intended it to mean that he had found nothing of value to others. On the contrary, he hoped and believed that, while his method gave "no recipes for becoming a great actor or for playing a part," it was a way to the actor's correct state of being on the stage. That there were exercises to develop these qualities which must be done every day. That there were certain basic principles which could guide the actor to the correct state of being on the stage, and that this in turn gives rise to the correct feelings or metamorphosis. "The sum of these three principles—correct state of being, actions, and feelings—will give to your character organic life on the stage." But, while the principles remain, the practice varies and cannot be imitated. The method is a tool. But one must be able to use it, not just to understand or appreciate it.

This book is a must for theatre people. It is the best introduction to Stanislavsky's work. But I would for once like to feel that this book can also be recommended to any intelligent individual interested in any of the arts. It is a clear and to me thrilling picture of theatre people at work—troubled, searching, worried, aware of the faults in a play but determined to help overcome them, aware of their responsibilities to both author and audience, never satisfied; thinking, sentient, and suffering beings because through them people must be born. It makes theatre an adventure and a responsibility. It makes me proud to be part of it.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" (Mark Twain). 2. Master John Horseleigh, Knight, in "A Changed Man" (Thomas Hardy). 3. "Robinson Crusoe" (Daniel Defoe). 4. "The Ring and the Book" (Robert Browning). 5. "Tristram Shandy" (Laurence Sterne). 6. "The Count of Monte Cristo" (Alexandre Dumas). 7. "The Deacon's Masterpiece" (Oliver Wendell Holmes). 8. "The Red-Headed League" (Arthur Conan Doyle).



Notes

EVENING-JACKETED COLUMNIST: Dantor Walker is that rarest of men—a Broadway columnist who looks as i type-cast for the part by Hollywood Suavely at home in double-breaste evening clothes, he is hard to imagin in tweeds. In the ambitiously titled **"Dan ton's Inferno"** (Hastings House, $3.95) he sketches the autobiography of th man who may be Broadway's mos literate columnist—he got appointe to his beat on the tabloid *Daily New* because he knew something abou opera, actually going on his nights off But Mr. Walker, though seemingl equipped to do a lively book (he onc appeared as Elsie Janis's dancin partner), has somehow failed to lear to tell a story well. Oddly, for a tim he was private secretary to the maste storyteller, Alexander Woollcott, an his portrait of him, slightly acid, i one of the rare high spots in thes pages. Ditto his all-acid picture Harold Ross—but don't buy all of i

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

MODEST AND HONEST PLAYWRIGHT: Th personal correspondence of a gre writer can illuminate a wide range topics, but what one looks for mo intently is a revelation of his inn personality. A warmly modest an

(*Continued on Page* 33)

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AMERICANA

The Two Davy Crocketts

By John Haverstick

NINETEEN FIFTY-FIVE is likely to go down in American history as the year when a TV series named "Davy Crockett" succeeded in substantially altering the course of a great American legend. As you probably know, the series (and now the movie version of the series) has also substantially altered the lives of an untold number of small boys and girls. These have traded in their Buck Rogers guns and their Superman outfits for rawhides and old Betsys, they have helped the coonskin-cap business to burgeon until it seems likely to bust its seams and—as you can see in the list on page 30—they have also cajoled a willing fraternity of book publishers to put out an unprecedented number of books on the easy-going and apparently likable ex-Indian fighter, ex-bear killer, ex-Congressman now known as The King of the Wild Frontier.

One of these books—one which is called "The Story of Davy Crockett"—alone has netted the publishing firm of Grosset & Dunlap a handsome sale of 300,000 copies so far this year after having gone along before at a comfortable clip of only 10,000 copies a year. We have it from the librarians that children are beginning to beg for biographies of Daniel Boone and Kit Carson, too—apparently biding their time until they can get their hands on the real thing, Davy Crockett. So, in an effort to help out the youngsters and to set the record straight we hurried over to our neighborhood theatre to absorb all the Crockett lore that Walt Disney is supplying there and then we hurried over to the public library to set down as rapidly as possible all the Crockett lore we could find *there*.

—*From "Chanticleer of Wilderness Road" (Knopf).*

". . . altered the lives of an untold . . .

We might as well say right off that they are two different versions of Davy Crockett and that, although we can't be sure where Mr. Disney got his, we do know where we got ours. Ours is the Vernon L. Parrington-Dictionary of American Biography-Standard encyclopedia version. Perhaps Mr. Disney got his Davy from an erudite article by Walter Blair in *The Southern Review* of July 1940.

In that article Mr. Blair points out that there were actually six different Davy Crocketts, one real and the rest built on top of that one by Davy's political backers and by his political opponents—some of whom praised and some of whom damned the original Davy during his lifetime. For the Disney Davy is a pretty big fellow right from the beginning. He was born on a mountain-top and he killed a bear at the age of three. Before too long he is fighting the Creek Indian War single-handed, fixing up the Government almost single-handedly as a Congressman, and, though not quite single-handedly this time, dying a hero's death at the Alamo.

Our Davy Crockett was born in Limestone—or else in Rogersville or perhaps in Hawkins County or Greene County, since encyclopedias differ—all in Tennessee, in 1786, and did none of these things precisely as Mr. Disney describes them. He never finished the Creek Indian War; he was a downright bumbler as a Congressman, and he only managed to get to the Alamo because he was something of a sorehead. "Strip away the shoddy romance that has covered up the real man," says Mr. Parrington in his "Main Currents of American Thought," "and the figure that emerges is one familiar to every backwoods gathering, an assertive, opinionated, likable fellow, ready to fight, drink,

—*From "Davy Crockett" (Harcourt, Brace).*

". . . number of small girls and boys."

dance, shoot, or brag, the biggest frog in a very small puddle, first among the Smart Alecks of the canebrakes." Then Mr. Parrington adds, "Davy was a good deal of a wag, and the best joke he ever played is the one he played upon posterity that has swallowed the myth whole and persists in setting a romantic halo on his coonskin cap."

We were somewhat disconcerted by this information, so we turned quickly to the Dictionary of American Biography. "In the Creek War of 1813-1814," William J. Ghent tells us there, "he served with distinction as a scout but retired before the end of the campaign, hiring a substitute to fill out his term of enlistment." We turned immediately to one of Davy's most ardent admirers, Miss Constance Rourke. But she was not much help. "The next movements of Crockett make a small riddle," admits Miss Rourke. "His horse had been crippled by this last hard ride against the Creeks, but the wish to save a valued animal can hardly account for his journey to Tennessee after this battle. The six months of service which Jackson had demanded had not yet passed, nor even the sixty days which Crockett and some others had promised."

NOT wanting to shatter our illusions completely, we turned next to a children's reference book, Compton's Pictorial Encyclopedia. But even here it was easy to see that Congressman Crockett was a political buffoon. "Crockett's fight against Jackson [over Indian rights]," it says, "made him a favorite of the Whig party. The Whigs

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The San Francisco Story

San Francisco.

THERE were two stories at San Francisco. One took place inside the Opera House in the Civic Center, where the United Nations tenth-anniversary meetings were held. This story has been extensively reported. The other story took place near the Opera House, where thousands of citizens waited for hours on long lines in the hope of getting tickets for the meetings.

This story has received almost no attention. But it is an important story; indeed, without it any account of what happened at San Francisco is incomplete. It is important because, quite literally, the man in the street was one of the chief figures at the anniversary exercises.

Many of the addresses inside the hall were eloquent and effective, but they seemed to hold back when it came to the big question: namely, how much additional strength and authority would have to be invested in the U.N. before the U.N. could carry out the stated purpose of the Preamble to the Charter, which was nothing less than to save the peoples of the world from the scourge of war. Underlying this reticence to face up to the big question seemed to be an implied understanding among those present that the world's peoples just weren't ready for the kind of U.N. that would have adequate powers to deal with threats to the peace or to control armaments.

Outside the Opera House the man in the street—at least, judging by my first-hand impressions—shared no such doubts. How representative the citizens were who waited to get in, I have no way of knowing. What I do know, however, is that everyone I spoke to seemed to be a perfectly straightforward realist. To be sure, some of them may have been motivated by a vague desire to feel they were participating in a great event. But almost all of them cut through to the real issue. For them the question was not shrouded in diplomatic subtleties. They were not weighted down with an intricate awareness of all the difficulties and complications in the way of a U.N. that could really work. What they wanted was a strong U.N.

The people outside the hall still believed that the U.N. was the world's best hope for peace but they knew that hope couldn't possibly be fulfilled unless the United Nations were somehow given the powers of world law. They didn't speak in esoteric terms relating to enforceable disarmament or mandatory international inspection or limited world federalism. But they knew what they wanted, and they expressed what they wanted in direct language: "The men in there have got to find a way to outlaw war," "Atom bombs should be abolished through the U.N.," or "The veto is the trouble." When I pursued the matter, asking whether they were willing to part with the sovereignty necessary to create that kind of U.N., I found a real awareness that sovereignty is meaningless unless some way is found to abolish war itself.

INSIDE the hall itself one had the impression that there was almost too much knowledge, too much sophistication. Almost everyone knew what couldn't be done and what ought not be attempted. The standard argument ran something like this:

"To talk about charter revision now is to destroy the excellent chance that now exists—the chance that the national self-interests of the moment will lead to important agreement between East and West. The fear of an atomic war is now so great that neither side would dare to start it, hence there is a real opportunity now for an accommodation, with each side agreeing to be a little more reasonable.

"Every representative of every nation to the U.N. is a complex. He is a complex of his Government and himself. National self-interest and self-interest control him. These self-interests of the nations of the world are too varied, too often in conflict, too often changing to make feasible any international government, however limited in power.

"If the Charter is to be revised there would have to be agreement—and if there is agreement there is no need for revision."

The foregoing sounds fine, but it won't convince the man waiting on line. He has been waiting for peace for ten years. The last time the delegates were in San Francisco they provided lucid and reasonable answers but that didn't prevent a decade of tension and conflict. Nor did it prevent the beginning of an atomic armaments race. True, the sheer existence of the U.N. kept the small conflicts from becoming big ones, and one shudders to think what would have happened if there had been no U.N. at all. But to deny the need for structural growth in the U.N. to handle major problems is to court disaster.

As for the argument against charter revision, we need to remind ourselves that there can be no effective means for enforcing agreement among nations unless law is substituted for anarchy in international affairs.

Of all the delegates who spoke none underlined this more strongly or made a finer impression on all than Brig. Gen. Carlos P. Romulo, who seemed to realize that the U.N.'s job is to bring the hopes of the world's peoples to life.

"The problem at its largest is how to deal with injustice between nations and peoples. Such injustice is the pure and inevitable progeny of the relationship between international lawlessness and international tensions.

"There can be no national independence in the world—for any nation, large or small—unless there is a fully functioning system of world interdependence. I refer here to the interdependence that is defined under law and that has the machinery of law to enforce, and due process of law to protect, it." —Stanley A. Weigel.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

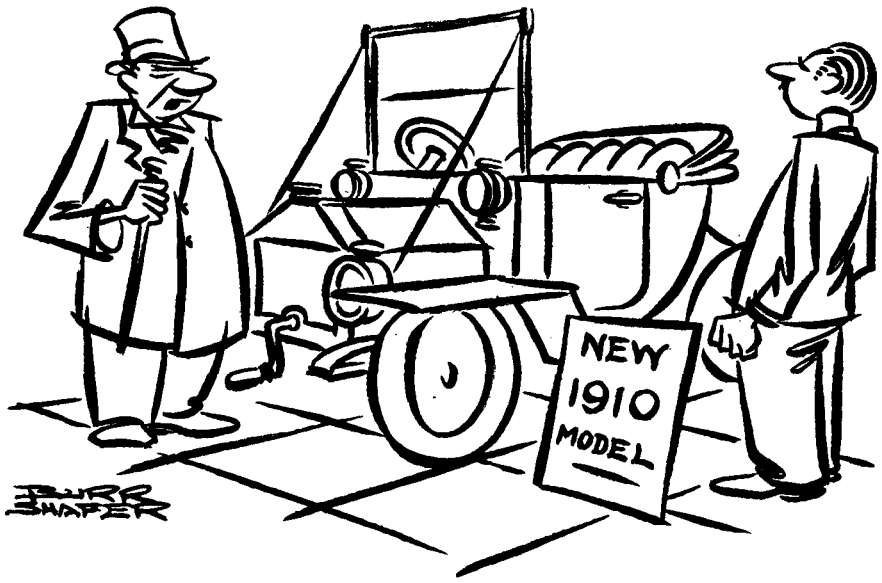
A REVIEWER REBELS

SAMUEL LUBELL objects to my review of his book "Revolution in World Trade" [*SR* Apr. 16] because I didn't "argue against his thesis" [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, *SR* June 4]. My concept of a book review (certainly one limited to 600 words) is to give the general idea of what the book is about and to tell the possible reader what parts of it he'd better look at carefully. The function of a reviewer is not to plug one's own position; I did not do so, and I confessed possible bias anyway. However, my references from Lubell's book were not "slight, misleading." They demonstrated his ignorance of the practical problems of foreign trade and its political implications. The thesis he attempts to restate in his letter is fuzzy, inaccurate, and unsound in most of its presentation.

Lubell had better explain why the American Tariff League plugged his book so hard. They certainly are not interested in his restated thesis.

CHARLES P. TAFT.

Cincinnati, Ohio.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"But this is absurd. What am I going to do with twenty horsepower?"

THE LUKEWARM PEACE

PLEASE ACCEPT my heartiest congratulations on the comprehensive grasp, the acute, perceptive analysis, and the strict objectivity of N.C.'s editorial "The Lukewarm Peace" [*SR* June 25]. It is a most welcome departure from the deluge of partisan, bipartisan, nonpartisan fulminations and wild guesses that beset us from every quarter. If those who reached immensely vital decisions at Casablanca, Yalta, Potsdam, and elsewhere had had a greater knowledge of the peoples of the world and a keener appreciation of and respect for their normal aspirations as human beings, not to say rights, much of the difficulties and miseries of the past decade might well have been avoided.

ELLIS O. JONES.

Washington, D. C.

DISSERVICE TO SCIENCE

IN HIS FINE ARTICLE on the humanities, "Are the Humanities Worth Saving?" [*SR* June 4, 11], Joseph Wood Krutch has brought forth some very interesting points, and his definition of the humanities is both logical and functional. However, in his efforts to reinstate the humanities to their rightfully respected position I believe he has done a disservice to scientists and science in general. His statement that humane works of art "keep us human by acknowledging, as the scientists do not, that 'the merely subjective' is vastly important in human life" is grossly unfair to scientists. Krutch seems to have in mind the typical Hollywood version of the scientist—cold, stereotyped in manner, devoted only to his test tubes. He also makes frequent reference to the unscientific nature of the humanities, as though culture and technology were completely alien to each other. Might I remind him that the most important single ingredient of the scientific method is *logic*?

Culture without technology is not likely to make a stable society. In his commendable effort to reinstate the humanities, I fear Krutch has tried to relegate science to the position which the fine arts now hold. I doubt if a pure fine-arts civilization would be a much more pleasant place in which to live than a technocracy.

ROBERT W. HARTOP.

Old Town, Me.

DEAD BUT NOT DYING

BRAVO for "Pigeons on the *Place*, Alas" [*SR* June 18]. It is worthy of congratulations that Francis Henry Taylor has become one of your Editors-at-Large. As long as he himself will admit that "much that we produce today will undoubtedly live forever and be the pride of generations yet unborn" I agree wholeheartedly that we should remain humble in order to attract more pigeons on the *place*, alas, and give the art of our seniors by 5,000 years their full honors.

ADELYN D. BREESKIN.

Baltimore, Md.

PARIS RHYMERIES

APROPOS the admirable editorial "Pigeons on the *Place*, Alas" I submit the following comment, evoked in Paris in 1934:

In summer in the Tuileries,
The sparrows eat their filleries.
Kind people throw them crumberies
Which swell their tiny tummeries.
Attracted by their squealeries,
Fat pigeons join the mealeries.
At length, with bloated drummeries,
These sit and preen their flummeries.

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER.

Washington, D. C.

HOPE FOR HUMANITY

I WANT TO THANK Arthur Compton for the article "The Case for Hope" [*SR* June 18]. It is indeed hopeful for the human race when men of the excellence of mind of Compton speak of the importance of human interdependence and of the value of collective human effort toward the creation of a civilization in which *every* man is important.

LAWRENCE EDWARDS.

Knoxville, Tenn.

THE SCIENTIST AND SOCIETY

I CANNOT ACCEPT Fred Hoyle's argument [*SR* May 7] that science is obligated to explain its work to society in repayment for the food, clothing, and shelter provided by that society. The interdependent society into which a scientist is born leaves him little choice but to accept those things. Having arbitrarily undermined all men's natural independence, society is responsible for providing them with a substitute. When a man successfully uses that substitute to support himself and his family in the only way society permits he discharges the bulk of his obligations. He is not bound to the additional charge of explaining the mental operations involved on any terms but his own.

FRANK J. THRASHER, JR.

Cromwell, Conn.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Mr. Carey's Summer Chickens

WHEN Lawrence Langner began raising funds for the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy in Stratford, Connecticut, people shook their heads—twice. First, they thought he never would be able to do it. Second, they thought that, even if he were able to, the productions would feature a stuffy bunch of middle-aged to elderly actors who turn up in most American attempts to do Shakespeare in the artificial and fustian way we tend to associate with the nineteenth century.

Well, Mr. Langner *has* raised the dough, with the help of a fine committee, and to the surprise and delight of everyone in the theatre he has engaged Denis Carey to direct the first summer's productions of "Julius Caesar," which opens the theatre July 12, and "The Tempest," which will alternate from July 26 on.

Mr. Carey is the forty-six-year-old director who astounded London audiences two years ago when he presented his Bristol Old Vic Company there in a lively and vital production of "Two Gentlemen of Verona." The play had long been put aside in the "least likely to be revived" category, but the Carey version of the comedy was a smashing success, and earned the director a promotion to the London Old Vic. The key to the play's success was, according to Mr. Carey, a young company who approached the play freshly and the use of simple music—a guitar and the human voice.

Interviewed in a dark cubbyhole behind some file cabinets at the Theatre Guild last week, Mr. Carey, a short gray-haired Irishman, revealed that his approach here would be in terms of a fresh young company working towards vital productions that stress the fundamental human values in Shakespeare.

"In casting," he stated, "I have had to find actors with an ability to hold themselves properly in costume and who could use the full range of their voices. But what I've really looked for in them are virility, passion, and swiftness of mind."

Mr. Carey was given a free hand by ASFTA in the selection of a young cast to support the more experienced Raymond Massey, who will play the leading roles of Brutus and Prospero. He came up with Jack Palance to play Cassius and Caliban, Christopher Plummer to play Marc Antony and Ferdinand, Hurd Hatfield to play Julius Caesar and Gonzalo, Fritz Weaver to play Casca and Sebastian, Roddy McDowall to play Octavius Caesar and Ariel, and Joan Chandler to play Miranda.

"I think also that I've discovered a pair of brilliant comedians," says Mr. Carey proudly, "in Rex Everhart and Jerry Stiller, who will play Stefano and Trinculo in 'The Tempest'."

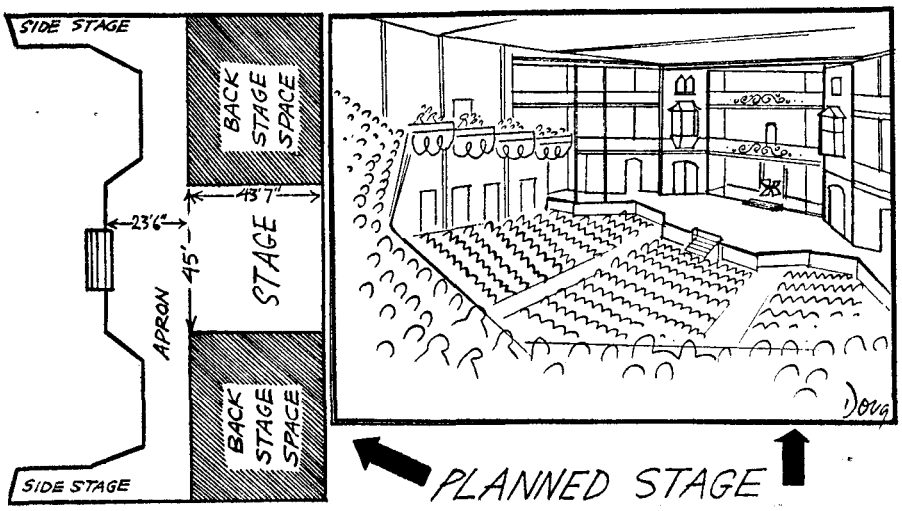
IF THE cast is young so is the theatre. Its birth is Caesarian in more ways than one as the carpenters rush it to completion on its Stratford-on-the-Housatonic site. Designed by Edward C. Cole of Yale, the peculiarly-shaped stage represents a compromise between the conventional picture-frame stage and the open stage at Stratford, Ontario. "I like it," says Mr. Carey, "because it offers both the opportunity of big panoramic effects and at the same time permits you to bring the individual actor far forward for more intimate scenes."

"Julius Caesar" seemed to the director an ideal choice for the ASFTA Theatre for the play contains both pageantry and powerful individual scenes. It also contains a large number of good parts, which is a helpful thing when one is working towards an acting company rather than towards a one-shot star vehicle. "The Tempest," which is half-masque-half-play, not only works well on this stage, and makes a nice contrast with "Julius Caesar," but it also works out in terms of the cast of one being suitable for the roles in the other.

As for method of presentation, Mr. Carey is pretty much a Granville-Barker man. Carey claims that the key to this production of "Julius Caesar" came out of the second volume of G-B's "Prefaces to Shakespeare" (Princeton University Press). Granville-Barker wrote, "Are not our noble Romans, flinging their togas gracefully about them, slow-moving, consciously dignified, speaking with studied authority, and all past middle age, rather too like a schoolboy's vision of a congress of headmasters?"

Whatever the influences that have molded Mr. Carey as a director, he insists that he is an empiricist. For instance, he has learned from experience that although actors like to get on their feet in a hurry it is better to spend as much time as possible reading and discussing the play with the cast, because if everyone has the same idea of the play as a whole, and can see their character in relation to other characters, they will end up by being much more aware of the other actors onstage and avoid the declamatory solos too often seen in Shakespeare. However, he does block out his movements in advance, although he changes his plans as he finds better ones in rehearsal. "You know," he says, "everyone's feet are completely different, and that makes each character move in a distinctly individual way." He also makes full cuts in the text *before* giving it to the actors. "In this way you avoid sales resistance from the actor later on," he jokes. "Actually, if it seems he is doing exceptionally well, you can always reinstate some of the deleted speeches as you go along." As for getting vitality into his productions, Mr. Carey has an answer. He says, "The vitality of a production depends on how much your actors can project their own personality into the roles they are playing."

—HENRY HEWES.



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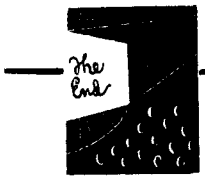

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Whence This Pleasing Hope?

NOWHERE are the perils of the star system more clearly revealed than in the careers of our popular comedians. A star may rise in vaudeville, radio, or TV and get along very nicely by playing on the one string to his fiddle. But when he switches to the movies he had better have some other strings handy. Remember Joe Penner and his duck? Bob Burns and his bazooka? Jack Pearl's "Vas you dere, Charlie?"? In vaudeville or radio such trick mannerisms and catch-phrases help characterize and identify the performer for his audience. Significantly, few of radio's top comics—Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Amos 'n' Andy—have ever been able to achieve an equal success in the movies. Their comic personalities are too fixed, too limited, and—so far as the public is concerned—too rigidly preconceived for free translation to the broader ranges of the movie camera.

Unhappily, when the studios do snag a comedian who can make the transition (generally these days from musical-comedy or the nightclubs) they promptly set about making his screen personality as rigid and predictable as any radio performer. The Abbott and Costello comedies, the Martin and Lewis films, Judy Holliday's, the Donald O'Connor "Francis" series—each new picture emerges as a somewhat paler carbon of the one before. Paramount seems suddenly to have realized that this process was slowly writing *finis* to the screen career of its most durable comedian, Bob Hope. Though he has been popular in television, successful in radio, an SRO performer on his worldwide personal appearance tours, Hope's recent pictures have consistently fallen far below expectations both as entertainment and as money-makers. His brash jibes, barbed insults, and frantic farce routines were wearing thin, and what lay beneath just wasn't very funny.

In **"The Seven Little Foys"** Paramount—or, more precisely, writer-director Melville Shavelson and writer-producer Jack Rose—have struck out in a new direction. Riding the mounting tide of more realistic, more human film biographies, they have given Hope a script with teeth in it, a far from saccharin account of the life and times of vaudeville's Eddie Foy. Foy, like so many comics, apparently was a lot more fun on the stage than off.

As Hope portrays him he was callous, crusty, egocentric, and often downright mean. He was also saddled with as ornery a bunch of kids as ever busted up a suite of the best parlor furniture. When the mother died Foy simply incorporated the gang into his act to keep them out of mischief. It lasted as a vaudeville "standard" until well into the Twenties despite frequent brushes with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, one of which provides the climax for the film.

Hope blusters through it all in a way that suggests at once what a difficult man Foy must have been to live with, but also the charm and professional good humor that endeared him to his contemporaries. The traditional heart of gold he keeps tightly buttoned beneath his loud checkered vests, revealing it only once—and quite credibly—in the scene at the Children's Court. For the rest we see Hope cavorting through smartly-paced variations on the old Foy vaudeville routines (and catching Foy's vocal and facial mannerisms extremely well), wrangling with fellow performers for the best dressing room and stage time, and trying desperately to play the unaccustomed role of father to his unmannerly brood.

High point is a Friar's testimonial dinner to Foy in which James Cagney, as George M. Cohan, exchanges kidding insults-on-the-square with Hope, then both swing into a lovely, graceful soft-shoe challenge routine to the tune of Cohan's "Mary." The sequence captures all the hard-shelled sentimentality of the old pros, emerging as a warming tribute to Foy and Cohan from two latter-day old pros, Hope and Cagney. For Bob Hope "The Seven Little Foys" suggests both a new comedy style and a much rosier future on the screen.

* * *

Walt Disney in his latest feature-length cartoon, **"The Lady and the Tramp"** (Buena Vista), has also taken an interesting new turn. His story this time is not derived from a standard classic; he was under no compulsion to recreate characters already familiar to generations of readers,

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pallid Cinderellas and sugar-water Peter Pans. Here his "Lady" is a winsome cocker spaniel, and "The Tramp" a perky, quick-witted mongrel wise to the ways of the world. This world at its best is a dog's world, inhabited by such attractive types as a proud old Scottie who speaks with a burr, a Pluto-esque bloodhound well past his prime, a Russian wolfhound who has known better days, and a wonderfully raffish Pekingese who (with the voice of Peggy Lee) sings the show's best number, "He's a Tramp." Disney permits occasional incursions by a sly and slinky pair of Siamese cats whose mirror-image antics drive poor Lady to despair, and a busy, bumbling beaver who unwittingly helps Lady escape her domestic shackles—all delightful inventions in Disney's best vein. Unfortunately, he introduces humans, too—a Victorian couple who call each other Jim Dear and Darling, a maiden aunt who hates dogs, a pair of low-comedy Italians, and, inevitably, a hateful dogcatcher. These prove to be mere plot devices, however, offering little competition to Disney's *dramatis animali.* As usual with the Disney films, these have been created with a sharp sense of verisimilitude both in action and character, and it is interesting to note that his cartooned comedy ultimately points the exact same moral as Arne Sucksdorf's lyric nature study, "The Great Adventure," that no one ever really owns any animal.

* * *

"We're No Angels" is Paramount's title for the film version of last year's comedy "My Three Angels," a protracted whimsy in which a trio of desperadoes from Devil's Island, infected with the Christmas spirit, decides to help out an ineffectual shopkeeper and his family. Their assistance takes the form of eliminating the family's creditors, an insufferable boor from Paris and his son, with the aid of a pet snake called Adolphe. Ever since "Arsenic and Old Lace" writers have been toying with the idea that murder can be good clean fun, and "We're No Angels" proves no more convincing than its predecessors. The lines have an occasional glimmer of wit but, instead of pacing his dialogue swiftly enough to permit chuckle to mount on chuckle, director Michael Curtiz insists on waiting for the big laugh that just isn't there. Of the cast only Peter Ustinov reveals a true feeling for this kind of comedy. The others—Humphrey Bogart, Aldo Ray, Joan Bennett, and Basil Rathbone—snort and rant and gesticulate extravagantly, but to no avail.

—Arthur Knight.

TV AND RADIO

No Names Please, Just Film Clips

THE Colgate Comedy Hour, which once dominated our TV screens from eight to nine on Sunday evenings—only to give way to Ed Sullivan's "Toast of the Town"—has undergone a change in title and format. It is now known as "The Variety Hour."

The first show lived up to half the new title. It had variety. But the hour seemed like two. As for the format, the program borrowed from Mr. Sullivan's "Toast of the Town." To keep his audience from dialing away to some other channel Mr. S. within the first minute of his program wisely announces the big names who are present and accounted for, immediately brings on one of the biggest to perform, and the show is off the ground. While The Colgate Comedy hour was still wallowing in the first chorus of "Halo, Everybody, Halo."

However, the new "Variety Hour" immediately introduced Charlton Heston of the movies as master of ceremonies who announced the names that would appear on the show. He was quite versatile. He announced some of them with his jacket buttoned and some of them with it unbuttoned. Most of those he announced turned up in film clips. But among those who found time to show up were Richard Arlen, a bicycle act, and one or two others. But most of all Miss Vera Ellen, the beautiful young dancer of the movies, who made her television debut.

Unfortunately, Miss Ellen chose for her debut the Apache dance, complete with beret, split skirt, and opera-length hose. This happens to be my favorite ballet and the one I understand most easily. It's the one where the girl has the money and her Apache boy friend in the striped T-shirt wants the money. So she hides it in her opera-length hose. But her friend easily discovers it, her skirt being split from here to ear. And after some deft *jiu-jitsu* he manages to capture it. But she's pretty deft herself and manages to get it back only to lose it again in a flying tackle. At this point a gendarme appears and they break it up, dancing sullenly around waiting for him to continue on his beat. When he finally does leave the money changes legs again and again until the gendarme appears again and restores order by shooting the boy friend in the striped T-shirt and Miss Ellen winds up with the money, richer but sadder. It's a poignant little item. It always has been. But Miss Ellen isn't, and it seems to me she could have been utilized again in place of some of the film-clip guests who appeared synthetically from out of the past.

This film-clip gimmick is not only becoming standard equipment for shows advertising big names, but the manner in which the names are advertised in the newspapers as well as introduced on the shows by the masters of ceremonies is a sneaky way to lead viewers to believe the stars are there in person. This is the technique known as "Among the stars you will see are. . . ." Among the stars we were glibly promised we would see at the start of "The Variety Hour" were Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers. We did see them, but in a brief film clip from "Wings," the old forerunner of all the spectacular airplane pictures, which introduced the famous "You're not going to send that kid up in a crate like that on a night like this." It seems to me that in these days of threatening competition from Toll TV with its promises of first-run pictures free telecasting should offer something better than old movie clips. Before this gimmick becomes too widespread it might be wise to caution the networks not to rely too strongly on the old adage: "Sticks and stones may break my bones but names will never hurt me." If the names continue to be film clips they'll hurt quite a lot.

AND, to digress for a moment, if Toll TV by some remote chance ever becomes a reality and starts showing first-run pictures there is a grave possibility that television may inherit those newspaper advertisements announcing those films.

I offer as another argument against Pay-As-You-See TV the possibility of having this quarter-page monstrosity of a week or two ago trailerized at you by some shrieking announcer in the privacy of your living-room—and don't tell me they won't advertise:

MEN KNEW HIS FURY
BUT NOT HIS FACE.
WOMEN KNEW HIS LIPS.
BUT NOT HIS NAME.

And who do you think that turned out to be?

Tony Curtis!!! —Goodman Ace.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Wright Is Might

A PLAINTIVE, not to say agitated, letter addressed to *The New York Times* in late June by Philip Pollack of New York City reminds us that the summer concert season is at hand, and with it the intrusions of what he describes as the "winged pests in the skies." In a word, Mr. Pollack hates airplanes when they fly over the Lewisohn Stadium on New York's Convent Avenue as unscored obbligatos to the playing of Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto, distracting him from Rudolf Serkin and Rudolf Serkin from Beethoven. Mr. Pollack implores action . . . by the city, by the state, by anyone, so that this "cultural necessity" may flourish unimpeded.

Might as well impeach King Canute for failing to turn back the waves, Mr. Pollack. The place to enact the legislation was on the beach at Kitty Hawk, N.C., when Orville and Wilbur Wright droned aloft for the first time. Too bad the sand didn't get in the gas tank. Or the prop shaft. Or the rudder. Or some place. Because once you establish an air mentality *vs.* a ground mentality you have a basically incompatible set of values. The airman, happy that his plane is airborne, handling well, and destination bound, is properly indifferent to the convenience, comfort, or culture-impulse of the earthworms. To be sure, he may not think of them just that way, but from 8,000 feet up people on foot might as well be underground, and Lewisohn Stadium is just another marker. He loves the secure noise of his prop turning over just as those beneath him detest its insistence.

Lest Mr. Pollack think I value intrusion, I may mention that I shared his indignation—to a degree—and his demand for action—to a larger degree—prior to some travels of the last half-dozen years. I scoffed at New York's inertia and deplored the proximity of the Stadium to the flight paths in and out of La Guardia, regarding the invaders, as Mr. Pollack does, as a nuisance that could be turned aside for a period of two hours or so a night. "Throw the rascals out" is a time-honored credo, and it suits air traffic as well as politics.

However, I began to wonder when I heard a plane droning overhead during an otherwise blissful interlude of music high among the Rockies at Aspen, Colorado. I have noticed nervous apprehension at the Hollywood Bowl when a concert was about to begin, bearing on the time when a scheduled flight might or might not come through. When I discerned the asthmatic cough of a Marseilles-Paris "ordinaire" over a courtyard at Aix-en-Provence, while Vivaldi was being invoked by an ensemble of string players from Rome, the handwriting on the flight schedule was plain. "Ye who live by the plane shall perish by the plane."

Perish, in this context, may be somewhat severe, but the logic remains simple. If Serkin values the plane for moving him overnight from East Coast to West for an engagement (presumably profitable) he must be prepared to put up with an intrusion (presumably unprofitable). We are all happy, on the occasions when we use them, that planes stay aloft; shall we be unhappy then, when we are on the ground, that someone else is airborne? Rain is inconvenient but indispensable; in train comes plane, and pain. In vain does man protest that it goes against the grain.

DOUBTLESS the air traffic in and around Lewisohn Stadium could be better supervised. Just as any aspect of any civic government could be better than it is. I do not absolve the usually inert civic government of New York from its defection in this regard any more than I absolve it from inadequacies of other sorts. But I wonder

The White Crane

By Ethel Jacobson

OUT of the dusky rose of sky
and twilight's blurred
Swift-gathering shadows, silently
Dropped the lone bird.

From the horizon and beyond,
Storm buffeted, whipped,
To my chance haven of a pond
The spent wings dipped.

Still as a figure in a frieze
In the dying day
He stood among fat farm muscovies,
Whiter than they.

. . .

The water dimpled pink and gold
With the new dawn.
But the wind was fretful, the slant rays cold,
And the visitor gone.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

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whether any set of regulations, duly posted, could deter a pilot bent on proving that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line.

The simple fact is that most urban areas are now unfit for the serious performance of music in the outdoors. We have so attached ourselves to mechanical criteria—whether it is the swift flight of a plane or the even swifter dissemination of sound via loudspeakers—that the most modest artistic values are inevitably compromised. In most outdoor performances of symphonic music these days practically no one hears the orchestra as it performs anyway. It is immediately picked up by a series of microphones and conveyed to a battery of loudspeakers, then spread over the listening thousands. It is all impersonal, mechanized, and—whether the planes fly overhead or not—unesthetic.

In essence, then, what the average listener hears at the usual outdoor of hi-fi, marred by unwanted noises concert these days is a modified form and intrusions. Most would be better off staying home, I think, with a suitable device for reproducing better performances than can be heard at most outdoor arenas. It may, some will say, be a trial to arrange for record reproduction to match the weight of sound produced by the Philharmonic in Lewisohn Stadium, or the Philadelphia in Robin Hood Dell, or the Chicago Symphony in Grant Park without arousing the neighbors. This is a reasonable objection, but one which has an equally reasonable solution. We are, these days, constantly being alerted to the need for civic defense against possible "sneak" attacks. Those who have space are being urged to install shelters against same. What more logical, then, than to construct a combined air-raid shelter and hi-fi salon? Make it deep enough and you are sheltered from atomic attack; insulate it sufficiently and your loudest "Bolero" will be yours and yours alone to enjoy. Thus, at last, the purpose of the airborne and the impulse of the ground worm will come into harmony.

—Irving Kolodin.

Fiction

Continued from page 11

possible in invading the valley of the Po and holding northern Italy and the Adriatic coast for many years.

When he was forty-four Hannibal left Italy to go to the rescue of Carthage. He died twenty years later, at a remarkable age for a man constantly engaged in warfare and surrounded by enemies. According to Miss Dolan, he committed suicide by poison to escape assassination. During all these years Sosilus, his life-long friend and slave and biographer, remained with him.

This is the majestic and crowded canvas of Miss Dolan's novel. Her major task, aside from her lively and brilliant account of bloody battles and narrow escapes from annihilation, was to present the great strategist and general as a human being. Actually, there is little known of the personality and private life of the famous Carthaginian, though Miss Dolan presents him with a Spanish wife and child before he took command of his army, and later in his life gives him a woman he could love.

That Miss Dolan has succeeded in creating Hannibal, the genius, the warrior, the strategist, the man beloved by his soldiers in victory and defeat, as well as a generous and cultivated man who knew many languages, without making of him a marble statue of rectitude, is an accomplishment which few writers could equal. It might be said that Hannibal was the George Washington of Carthage, *sans peur et sans reproche*.

—Jacket for "Hannibal of Carthage."

". . . majestic and crowded canvas."

Notes

ILL-STARRED ROMANCE: Rolanda Dauncey's first novel, **"The Far Dwelling"** (St. Martin's Press, $3), describes the love of a young Nazi war criminal, released from prison, for the beautiful wife of a British Secret Service officer. Kurt Hallig leaves Germany to live in his "far dwelling," a cottage on the coast of Ireland. But even there the memory of his lovely Rose follows him, and after much unhappiness he brings her there as his bride. This romance, however, alternates with the unhappy story of Rose's alcoholic collapse after the death of her first husband. And Kurt, to free Rose from the misery that follows their first idyllic happiness together, eventually returns to Germany to be killed by his political enemies there.

Although Miss Dauncey's pleasant style carries her very well through the romantic portions of her story and the descriptions of Irish life, it is not adequate to her more weighty intentions. She is a charming writer of English romance, but not, as yet, a serious novelist.—Robert Gottlieb.

STEREOTYPES IN AFRICA: The beginning of David Unwin's **"The Governor's Wife"** (Dutton, $3) is a magnificent one for a novel of Africa and of the dark sores which are spreading over the once peaceful land. It begins with a truck journey through Wamai territory to the scene of a tribal murder. We see the bare-breasted women step forward and remove the carved ivory disks from the dead man's ears, the metal coils from his neck and the bracelets of wire and lion's hair from his wrists. But after this the novel falls to pieces, for in the following chapters Africa is no longer in the foreground and we are given over to the year's prize collection of well-worn stereotypes. The narrator, an undistinguished bank representative falls half in love with a luscious Swedish blond. We meet the blond's fading mother and her embittered missionary brother. We also meet the plump and interfering governor's wife (who comes straight out of Somerset Maugham), an old soak of a sisal planter (who sleeps with native women), and a die-hard English farmer (who thinks the only way to treat Africans is with a jab in the belly). Only in occasional moments do the stereotypes flutter away and we see Africa clear again: a crater lake at night, a dugout moving swiftly over blue waters, a ceremonial dance with half the dancers staggering drunk. It is characteristic of the author's method that the narrator does not see the murders and riots that take place in the novel and that he only hears of them over the radio. This method and Mr. Unwin's failure to plumb deeply keep this from being the novel about Africa we so urgently need. —Robert Payne.

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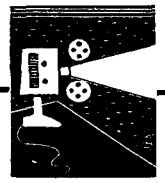


IDEAS ON FILM

For the Public

THE combined statistics of public libraries with 16mm film departments indicate that through their services 54,689 films were shown in a sample month last year to nearly 4,000,000 people. The figures are impressive, even when we remember that a merely mediocre film on television can have this large an audience at just one sitting. There is a qualitative difference, too, and here the public library is likely to come out ahead. Films selected for public-library circulation generally have a higher ratio of good taste, intelligence, and warmth than those shown on television.

With this in mind we salute the Audio-Visual Workshop held in Philadelphia this week just prior to the seventy-fourth annual convention of the American Library Association. In addition to the special two-day session on "The Communication of Culture in America" film librarians will be spending additional hours previewing films with an eye to purchase for their communities. Reviewed below are some of the films they will see in Philadelphia, and some other new ones which deserve to be in public-library collections. Perhaps this is a good time for you to inquire if the ones you want to see are available from *your* public library.

CORRAL (12 min.). This is a handsome impressionistic study, from Canada's National Film Board, of a cowboy corraling and riding a half-broken horse on a ranch in southwest Alberta. There is no narration; guitar music provides the only sound effects. In visual concepts exclusively cinematic, the actions of the man and the animal are recorded with fidelity and with originality. In photographing the breathless pace of the horse at full speed, the camera races alongside, multiplying the sense of movement. Inside the corral as the cowboy slowly closes in on the horse the camera assumes a bold face-to-face relationship to each of them. Elsewhere the camera copies, and thus underlines, the fast and slow, near and far variations of movement that give this episode sensation and feeling. "Corral" was made by Colin Low and Wolf Koenig, and received a Recognition of Merit certificate at this year's American Film Assembly. It is certainly one of the most sensitive Westerns ever filmed—a delight to children and thoughtful adults.

CHURCHILL—MAN OF THE CENTURY (21 min.). A few early portraits and newsreel shots of the youthful soldier and statesman is all there is to see in this film biography of Winston Churchill prior to his becoming British Prime Minister in May 1940. After that we see many of the familiar scenes of speeches, conferences, battles, home defense, and fall from office in 1945 and reelection in 1951. The film's highlights include a visit to the United States, painting on the Riviera, being knighted, participating in the Coronation, and celebrating his eightieth birthday in Parliament. The crisp Churchillian comment about his presentation portrait by Graham Sutherland ("a remarkable example of modern art") is nicely accented by a well-timed interplay from his face to the face in the picture. If only for this scene the film is a priceless addition to the permanent memorabilia of the twentieth-century leader. Unfortunately, the rest of the film is merely a record, and hardly begins to sketch the personality and nobility of the man. Distributed by the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

FAREWELL OAK STREET (17 min.). This Canadian film shows the building of Toronto's first large-scale public housing project and flashes back to what had been frightful living conditions in Oak Street's squalid dwellings. The helpless people who lived there were all but consumed by the filth and squalor which surrounded them. "Farewell Oak Street" is a hard-hitting, adult film serving to remind us that slums are a symptom of community sickness, spreading contagion to everything and everyone it can get its hands on. One sequence of half-a-dozen families—men, women, and children—sharing one dingy bathroom is alarming enough to make any intelligent audience get down to brass tacks in assessing its slum problems. The film is distributed for purchase by the National Film Board of Canada, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. Rental prints available from Contemporary Films, 13 East 37th St., New York 16, N. Y., and from International Film Bureau, 57 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois.

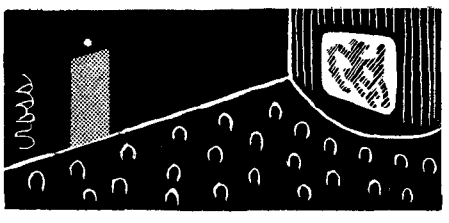
WHO'S RUNNING THINGS (6 min.); **GETTING WHAT YOU'RE AFTER** (5 min.); **THE PUBLIC'S BUSINESS** (6 min.), **HAVING YOUR SAY** (7 min.). Four new films in the Canadian Film Board's "What Do You Think?" Series have just been released. Like the previous three, they are about and for teen-agers, and deal with problem situations which confront every sensible person in our society. "Who's Running Things?" dramatizes an episode in which a boy is elected to take charge of the school gym at noon hour while the recreation director is away. Some of the other boys create discipline problems for him, and he closes the place for one day as a penalty. "I didn't make the rules," he says, "but you elected me and I'll enforce them." The question is: is the person elected to office to enforce the existing rules, or to do what the people say they want him to do?

In "Getting What You're After" a high-school girl is practically assured of a summer job she wants and needs, but finds she cannot even silently stand in the way of another girl who is also after it. She is left wondering whether she or the other girl will get the job—and whether she did the right or the foolish thing.

"The Public Business" is about a teen-ager who is on the school sport's day committee and suggests that they solve the eating problem by giving the food concession to his boss. The idea is readily agreed on. Later he proudly tells a friend (who works in another drug store) that his boss will make a nice little pile and he'll get a nice little commission AND the school committee is rid of a lot of headaches. His friend thinks that as a member of the committee he shouldn't have used his position for personal gain. The ensuing dialogue between the two boys sets up the basis for a discussion that could go on for days—and most certainly should. Not just among teen-agers.

"Having Your Say" is about a youth club that gets booted out of a community center because of their thoughtless untidiness and destruction. Without an opportunity to defend themselves, the kids decide to hire a hall and hold an open meeting explaining what happened. At the last minute the center officials request that they too be heard at the open meeting. Why should we give them a chance to tell their side of the story when they didn't give us a chance? one boy asks. On the other hand, asks another, can we afford to keep them from having their say when we believe it was wrong of them to do exactly that to us? What do you think?

All four films have fairly natural dialogue and acting (the work of a sensitive writer-director, Gudrun Parker), and they ring sincere. The stories, with the exception of Getting What You're After," seemed to be adult problems translated into teen-age situations rather than teen-age problems with long-lasting overtones. Thus, the situations, though sensible and compact, seem a bit contrived in themselves. As springboards for discussion, among young or old, it's fairly certain that they'll make you jump up and give your opinions on some pretty important questions. Distributed, for purchase, by McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y. Available for rental from Contemporary Films and from International Film Bureau, see above.



THE MURROW-OPPENHEIMER INTERVIEW (46 min.). For Edward R. Murrow's thirty-minute TV program, "See it Now," about an hour and a half of film was shot to get the interview with Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, director of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. Additions have been made to the televised film and, through the offices of the Fund for the Republic, the long version is now available on a limited basis to non-profit educational institutions and to educational television stations. Although it breaks all rules of film-making (in showing only close-ups of two men talking incessantly), it is nevertheless an exciting adventure in listening and looking. Dr. Oppenheimer talks about the Institute and the people there, the nature of scientific inquiry, and—rather wistfully—the limitations of man's knowledge.

Both men have incredibly expressive faces, hands, and voices, which seem to season their questions and answers with the subtlest of visual effects. Nor can one help being aware, in such close and friendly contact, of the personal suffering which the one man has endured, and the sympathetic response of the other. Available for free loan from Association Films, Broad at Elm, Ridgefield, N. J. (and in Chicago, Dallas, and San Francisco).

SEE IT NOW (five films, each about 25 min.). A really big step in the distribution of 16mm films for adult discussion comes with the recent announcement of the availability (for purchase) of five of Edward R. Murrow's famous "See it Now" programs. In this first batch of releases all the films deal with hot issues of our times; some of them one might say are red hot.

"Peaceful Assembly and Free Speech" (originally entitled "Argument in Indianapolis") is a fast-moving drama (with the original cast) of the friction between the American Legion and the Indiana chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union when the latter group was unable to secure a meeting hall in the town. Finally, it is offered the use of the parish hall of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, whose pastor points out that "if any one group is restrained from peaceful assembly by a non-governmental organization the liberties of all are in danger." Spokesmen for the ACLU present further arguments in behalf of free speech and peaceful assembly, while representatives of the American Legion and the Minute Women express their opinions on the need for suppression. An immense wallop is packed into these few reels of film; it can hardly fail to get minds and emotions going full force.

"Segregation in the Schools" was filmed shortly after the Supreme Court ruling against separate education for Negroes and whites. Teachers and students, parents and civic leaders in two Southern towns (Gastonia, N. C., and Nachitoches, La.) give outspoken reactions pro and con. Although the younger generation shows considerably more openmindedness to the proposed changes (as one student says, "It's our problem and we'll have to solve it"), each community still pays heavy homage to the past. Mr. Murrow concludes by reminding us that we are dealing with "a new aspect of an old problem." The film helps bring to light some of the new ideas about it—and some of the old. It's a perfect discussion starter.

"National Security *versus* Individual Rights," originally shown on TV as "The Case of Milo J. Radulovich," tells the story of the young officer who was dismissed from the Air Force as a security risk because of the questionable activities of his sister and father. The question for discussion, aside from the mysterious intricacies of this particular case, is whether a person can be penalized on the basis of charges leveled against an associate or relative?

"Fifth Amendment and Self-Incrimination" is a lively debate between two law professors on the meaning and importance of the Fifth Amendment. "Conduct of Congressional Investigations" is a three-way discussion, not always right on the beam, about proposed changes in committee investigation, procedures. Both films suffer from the exclusively professorial talkiness; the former film, however, is considerably livelier and more pointed than the latter. In all cases it is always a treat to return to Mr. Murrow's interesting face and comments.

All five films are available for purchase from McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

—CECILE STARR.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Bear Facts

GARDINER, MONT.

I'M NOT at all sure whether the bears of Yellowstone are affiliated with the CIO or the AFL, but a tour through the park as the season opened the other day indicated they are organized into one of the tightest locals west of Ypsilanti. With winter barely out of the highland trees and snow still in patches on the lofty plateaus, the bruins had already taken up summer stations along the main roads, strung out near the park entrances, one every 100 yards.

Although the Park Service urges visitors not to feed bears, or for that matter anything larger than a chipmunk, one has merely to stop one's car alongside one of the union members before the furry panhandler is on his hind legs at the side window giving you that soulful I-haven't-had-a-peanut-butter-sandwich-since-last-winter look. The trouble is that some myopic bears don't always appreciate where the sandwich ends and the flesh begins, and unless you can spare an odd knuckle I wouldn't do any serving. I'm never quite sure what the zoologists have in mind when they say that bears are fond of people.

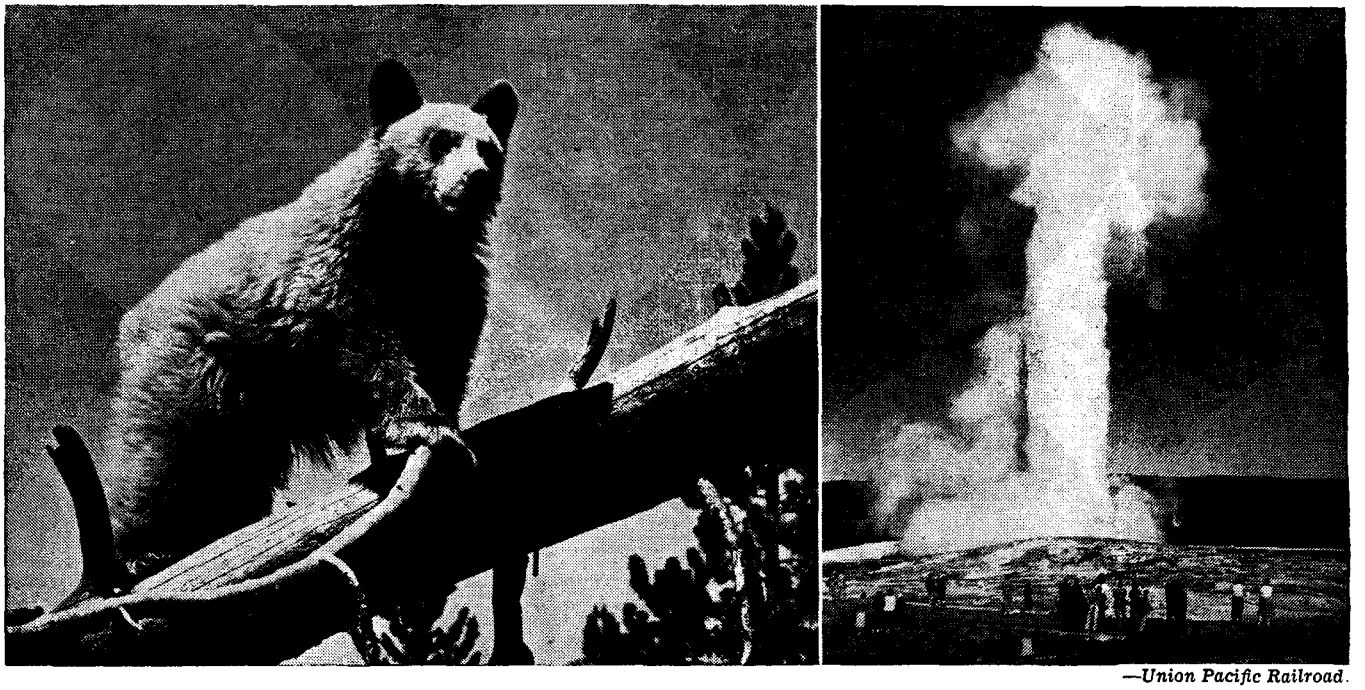
Lady bears have cubs every two years, and until the youngsters are along in their second season mother dallies with no men. Male bears, the beasts, will kill cubs in order to get in a few mad moments with mother. The other day I watched a mother at some unheard signal send her cubs scampering up a tree at the approach of a brown male, then send the philanderer running down the road for his hide. But once the cubs have struck off on their own mother is ready for romance again and a very voluptuous *affaire de* bear it is, or so I am informed by Yaleman Edmund Rogers, longtime superintendent of Yellowstone, and a sort of Kinsey of the quadrupeds.

The bears indeed are only part of the spectacle at Yellowstone, which is something like a freakshow arranged by the elements. I don't know what wild thoughts raced through the cerebellum of the first man who looked on Yellowstone, but I suspect he had a problem convincing the next fellow he met. For instance, if you come in at the north entrance you will pass Mammoth Hot Springs, an underground witches' cauldron which boils and bubbles, kills trees, forms terraces of travertine, which is limestone when deposited by hot water. Terrace Mountain is a butte covered with travertine which has accumulated from preglacial times, so somebody has left the pot to bubble for some time.

Readymade soda water fizzes out of the ground at a locale known as Apollinaris Springs, and the Obsidian Cliffs are made of naturally-fused glass. Roaring Mountain is gray and bare, and since smoke pours out of its steam vents and melts the snows the place is a favorite with grazing elk. At its bottom is what some coy explorer has christened Lemonade Lake, a greenish pool of diluted sulphuric acid which, Mr. Rogers insists, tastes exactly like lemonade. Since the lake had left a nearby stand of trees naught but the withered, branchless, barkless shells of their former leafy selves, I have left the fact unchecked.

At Frying Pan Springs gases bubble up through vents in the earth, giving off a noise that sounds like eggs frying and an odor that smells like eggs spoiling. Norris Geyser Basin is a full-scale battery of steam vents and geysers and hot-water leaks, a sort of large-scale plumbers' nightmare. Some errant geysers occasionally come up in the middle of the highway and have to be siphoned off, leaving the steam to billow out of a culvert. The star attraction is the Black Growler, a steam vent which at all hours of the day and night sounds like the Seventh Avenue Express pulling into Times Square on a humid afternoon. I guess I had ought to tell you that some fateful hand that got there before Charles Addams has injected every steam vent in Norris Basin with arsenic salts.

OF COURSE, Yellowstone has some innocuous attractions too, such as the so-called Chocolate Pots, which are brown hot springs strung along the Gibbon River at the headwaters of



—*Union Pacific Railroad*.

Yellowstone—"once every two years an *affaire de* bear . . . once every hour a giant *spritzer*.

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the Missouri. There are turquoise pools and Porcelain Hill, and the immense spectacle of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone where the Yellowstone River drops first 109 feet, then 308 feet, tumbling into the gorge with a frightening roar, spuming, spraying in such an uncontrolled melee that the splash and foam back halfway up the falls until it is impossible to distinguish falls from spray. Over it all, the day I saw it, an osprey tacked and glided, riding the cool wind filtering through the straight lodgepole pines, and gliding over the river, which, spent from the emotion, coursed quietly down the canyon alley.

Although Yellowstone is a giant protected natural preserve, all manner of human accommodation has been built inside the park, from a *pied à terre* under a pine to large, lodgey hotels. There is a formal-looking establishment at Mammoth Hot Springs, and the giant 700-room Canyon Hotel, near the Canyon. Its interior is paneled in enough Wisconsin pine to have depleted the forests of that state for a decade, and the lobby looks like an elegant wooded armory. If anybody here collects statistics, it is a mile walk around the hotel's foundations.

The settlement known as Fishing Bridge is an encampment at the shore of Yellowstone Lake, a treacherous pool some twenty-two miles long at its longest, and so cold that even in summer humans can not survive longer than twenty minutes. Storms come up suddenly, and no boat smaller than sixteen feet is allowed more than a quarter of a mile offshore. The waters are so cold that bodies of its victims do not ferment, but merely languish as gasless deadweights on the deep bottom. Yellowstone has never been known to give up its dead.

These dire thoughts seem never to dissuade the annual summer onslaught which descends on Fishing Bridge each summer, filling the 700 shelter cabins where you can get a simple bed, table, bench, and roof for $1.50 (twenty-five cents for each additional person). Anybody is allowed to drop a line off Fishing Bridge, where the Yellowstone River meets the lake, and many is the summer visitor who lives off black-spotted trout, a relative of the salmon.

THE Lake Hotel, at neighboring Lake, is a big, yellow, and summery inn supported by Ionic columns. Thirty-eight miles down the road will bring you to Old Faithful, the inn and the geyser. The inn dates from 1903 and is the largest log structure in the world. Four-foot logs burn in its four-sided fireplace, and the view, at $18 a day for two, American plan, gives out on Old Faithful, the *spritzer* which sends up a giant pillar of water and steam every hour or so, attracting on summer days 4,000 onlookers per performance.

At handy locations here and there park visitors can shop for stuffed bobcats ($60), mounted coyotes ($55), bells made by Indians from India, totem poles carved by Indians from Ottawa, a pair of Texas longhorns ($250), and genuine Indian tom-toms made from quart oil cans wrapped in birch bark with old inner tubing stretched over the ends. If anyone is curious how much of this handicraft is purchased by the public, the owner of these enterprises works in an office papered with a million dollars in canceled checks.

Most of Yellowstone's hotels are staffed by college students all of whom, in short course, fall into a local patois which has grown out of the stagecoach drivers, the soldiers, and the first employes who worked at the camps and early hotels. Such ancient terms as "queen of the mulligan," which meant a waitress in the driver's mess, have given way to such modern improvements as "bubble queen," or one who works in the laundry, "pearl diver," or dishwasher, and "gear jammer," or busdriver. A "heaver" is a waitress, a "pillow puncher" a chambermaid, and if you hear about somebody going "bear hunting," it has nothing at all to do with bears, but with love under the stars. —HORACE SUTTON.

The Nameless Color

By Katharine Day Little

WHO can tell
the color of the inner curve
of that sleek concave surface
ephemeral and ever-renewed
of the long comber rolling in
upon the beaten sands?

Far out a surge swells up;
it builds; it breaks;
and, some strange how
(no one, no one may know its secret way)
immediately, by magic
another breaker rides
there where the first one fell.

Under its roof of foam
what color lies? Bronze or dark green?
Ah no, deep deep as ebony
but not like ebony, there gleams
the color of the unshed tears of things,
the color of the tall
advancing wave.

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—N.Y. Herald Tribune Book Review

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Americana

Continued from Page 19

saw in him a chance to create an opponent to Jackson with the same backwoods appeal as Jackson . . . Crockett did not realize he was being used in this fashion and he went along, believing all that the shrewd Whigs told him." So we turned back to Parrington. "When Davy first went to Congress," Mr. Parrington says, "he was anti-tariff and had won his seat on that issue; but he was invited to Lowell (Mass.), shown an idyllic picture of contented and prosperous millhands, dined, given a prepared table of statistics proving how industrialism is calculated not only to give individual happiness and prosperity, but to add to our national wealth and prosperity, and bidden Godspeed in the work of spreading the true gospel among the honest, simple-minded, and patriotic frontiersmen. After having been presented by Mr. Lawrence with a fine suit of domestic broadcloth Davy would have been an ingrate not to vote for a protective tariff." Then, dispelling all Disney illusions, Mr. Parrington adds, "But alas! the opportunity [to vote for a protective tariff] never came. A backwoods constituency that had never been dined by Lowell capitalists and had little use for fine broadcloth, a constituency that persisted in throwing up coonskin caps for Old Hickory in spite of Lowell statistics, resented his apostasy from the Democratic faith and at the next election invited him to stay in the canebrakes. . . . In a fit of anger he quitted his family and the state of Tennessee, went off on the mad chase to Texas, and in March of the next year fell at the Alamo. Vain, ignorant Davy Crockett!"

We must confess that we had liked Mr. Disney's Davy so much that we felt completely flattened by Mr. Parrington's. But we slept on it and now feel much better. We have even decided that we have grown rather fond of Mr. Parrington's Davy. Less impressive, perhaps. But more human.

We see no reason why our Davy couldn't shoot bears, kill Indians with the butt of his rifle, and still be a failure as a soldier and a Congressman. In fact, we rather prefer him that way. Since then our morale has been considerably lifted by the good news that next year Mr. Disney plans to produce a TV series called "Ichabod Crane." We think we may even enjoy seeing little headless horsemen dashing around our back fence. Pure legend this time, and no need to worry about the truth.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1110)

OLIVER HALE:
CHARLES CARROLL

. . . And so beneath
The name of Thomas Stone he signed forthwith
His own, pledging his heart and fortune when
He set down, pointing there, "of Carrollton."
Charles Carroll died at ninety-five, content
And free, and lives on in the Document.

Crockettiana Extant

FOR years Davy Crockett has been a staple of every children's library, a perennial favorite of every generation of young readers. The current Davy Crockett craze has made him far more than that. To meet the insistent demands of youth of all ages librarians have found it necessary to multiply their stock of the old favorites, while publishers have found it expedient to bring old titles back into print and prepare new works on the old frontiersman. Naomi Noyes and Aileen O'Brien Murphy, Children's Librarians of the New York Public Library, have prepared the following critically annotated list of the books currently available or about to become so.

In Print

DAVY CROCKETT. By Constance Rourke. Illustrated by James MacDonald. Harcourt, Brace. $2.75. (1934) An excellent biography, based on primary sources. Here is the pioneer American typified, full of physical vigor and extravagant talk but withal a father, a provider, and essentially a man of principle in public and private life. It is a book for adults but older children will be fired by it, too.

OLD WHIRLWIND: A Story of Davy Crockett. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Pictures by Manning De V. Lee. Macmillan. $2. (1953) Events from Davy's experiences when his father hired him out to a drover are combined to make a simple, well-written story for younger children.

CHANTICLEER OF WILDERNESS ROAD: A Story of Davy Crockett. By Meridel Le Sueur. Illustrations by Aldren A. Watson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50. (1951) The essence of frontier brag and humor is in this tall tale of Davy Crockett's life, poetically told and well illustrated.

YANKEE THUNDER: The Legendary Life of Davy Crockett. By Irwin Shipiro. Pictures by James Daugherty. Julian Messner. $2.75. (1944) "I'm half horse-half alligator . . . I can wade the Mississippi . . . and whip my weight in wildcats." James Daugherty's pictures interpret the robust qualities of the text.

THE STORY OF DAVY CROCKETT. By Enid La Monte Meadowcroft. Illustrated by Charles B. Falls. Grosset & Dunlop. $1.50. (1952) A factual, complete biography with only a few legends for color. The appeal is to average ten-year-olds. The writing is ordinary, and although the illustrations are the work of a fine artist they are ordinary, too.

DAVID CROCKETT: The Bravest of Them All Who Died in the Alamo. By V. F. Taylor. Naylor Co. $2. (1955) A Texas author writes a brief, unexciting narrative of Davy Crockett's life, set in the framework of the battle of the Alamo.

DAVY CROCKETT: Young Rifleman. By Aileen Wells Parks. Illustrated by Charles V. John. Bobbs-Merrill. (1949) A characterless but easy-to-read book which could be the biography of any pioneer child.

DAVY CROCKETT, HERO OF THE ALAMO. Story and pictures by Sanford Tousey. Albert Whitman. $1.50. (1948) The events of Crockett's life are merely sketched in a wooden, uninteresting manner. For younger children

DAVY CROCKETT, pp. 100–107 in "American Sings: Stories and Songs of Our Country's Growing." Collected and told by Carl Carmer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5. (1942) Contains short anecdotes and an authentic folk ballad.

THE ADVENTURES OF DAVY CROCKETT: Told Mostly by Himself. With Illustrations by John W. Thomason, Jr. Scribner's. $3.50. (1934) Contains "The Autobiography of David Crockett" together with "Colonel Crockett's Texas Exploits," which ends with the defense of the Alamo. A racy colloquial narrative which perfectly pictures Crockett's own character and American frontier days.

DAVY CROCKETT'S OWN STORY. Citadel Press. $3.50. Consists of three volumes of autobiographical writings: "A Narrative of the Life of David Crockett," "An Account of Col. Crockett's Tour to the North and Down East," and "Col. Crockett's Exploits and Adventures in Texas."

Forthcoming

DAVY CROCKETT, Frontier American. By Walter Blair. Coward-McCann. To be published in August. Probable price, $2.50.

DAVY CROCKETT, NEW AMERICAN. Signet. 35¢. A paperback reprint of his own autobiographies. To be published July 22.

Movie Style

WALT DISNEY'S DAVY CROCKETT, King of the Wild Frontier. Told by Elizabeth Beecher. Pictures by the Walt Disney Studio. Adapted by Al Schmidt. Simon & Schuster. $1. (1955).

THE PICTURE STORY OF DAVY CROCKETT. By Felix Sutton. Illustrated by H. B. Vestal. Wonder Books. 25¢. (1955).

WALT DISNEY'S DAVY CROCKETT: King of the Wild Frontier. Told by Irwin Shapiro. Pictures by the Walt Disney Studio. Adapted by Mel Crawford. Simon & Schuster. (1955) A Little Golden Book. 25¢.

WALT DISNEY'S DAVY CROCKETT KING OF THE WILD FRONTIER STAMP BOOK. With 60 Color Stamps of Scenes from the Famous Motion Pictures and Drawings to Color. Simon & Schuster. (1955) 50¢.

DAVY CROCKETT COLORING BOOK. Treasure Books. 25¢. (1955).

The five titles listed above are written to order for quick consumption. They employ stereotyped frontier vernacular, Hollywood style.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 628

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 628 will be found in the next issue.

WNBOCU ZPXUCUNHUX

OC CBMONU OP

XOCTZOCU.

WGWU

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 627

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot it do singe thyself.
—Shakespeare.

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He Reduced War to Four Words

Continued from page 9

to a pitiful little stockade, virtually alone and friendless in its struggle. From the English workingmen in Manchester, hard hit by the shutting off of Southern cotton, came stanch approval of this act that repudiated "the ascendancy of politicians who not merely maintained Negro slavery, but desired to extend and root it more deeply." The workingmen of Manchester were willing to pull in their belts and stand by Lincoln for this purpose—"an instance of sublime Christian heroism," wrote Lincoln in warmhearted reply.

The fourth and final factor insuring the doom of the Confederacy was the emergence of Grant, the quiet, thoughtful, undramatic little general who reduced war to four words: "When in doubt, fight." In life, as in history, Grant simply kept coming on, confounding his critics and his enemies, always better than they suspected (and most always a lot soberer). On occasion he could drink like an Irishman in a Frank O'Connor story—he could *really* drink; and history isn't too much concerned over whether it was luck or prudence that he always managed to have a clear head when he needed one.

Stuck during the early months of the war in the mudhole of Cairo, Illinois, Grant, who had loved horses all his life, dreamed of how fine it would be to command a brigade in the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac. For a time no one appeared willing to let Grant fight, so he began to force his own opportunities at Belmont and Paducah, and then at Henry and Donelson; he was a nation's hero long before his commanders sensed how good he was. His ascending star dipped sharply at Shiloh, where he was caught flat-footed and badly pasted; but the Vicksburg campaign followed, and suddenly he stood apart, a general who made up rules of war to fit the exigencies. He was bold, original, and smart, a man of success—and precisely what Lincoln most needed.

Grant's powers of concentration were enormous. Details of running his army he left to the members of the staff; his forte was chewing on half a cigar, tipped back on a campstool, thinking—thinking. Invariably his field orders had to be read only once, they were so clear, so concise, so well thought through. He could move troops to the critical point in a battle with unequaled speed—"feeding a fight," he called it. The pertinacity of the man was in the message he sent after Spottsylvania: "I shall take no backward steps." Soldiers said of him: "Ulysses don't scare worth a damn."

Grant was innately modest, and success never turned his head. Arriving in Washington, to receive the rank of lieutenant-general and command over armies numbering more than a half-million men, he simply wrote in the register at Willard's Hotel: "U. S. Grant and son, Galena, Ill." Then he called during a reception at the White House, quite unprepared to find official Washington so eager to see him that his mere presence nearly turned the occasion into a shambles. Asked later to dinner by the President the general declined politely but firmly: "I have become very tired of this show business."

But Lincoln understood—in fact, looking down from the advantage of an extra eight inches in height the President recognized in the unaffected Grant that he beheld, as Horace Porter said, someone who "had sprung from the common people to become one of the most uncommon of men." When Grant insisted on bringing Sheridan east to command his cavalry Lincoln commented that he was "rather a little fellow." Grant said quietly: "You will find him big enough for the purpose"—and Lincoln did. So Lincoln and Grant struck it off from the start, both good-humored and gentle men; and even Stanton failed to fluster Grant, no mean achievement considering that there were many Union generals who for years after the war shuddered every time they beheld Stanton's grim visage on a one-dollar treasury note.

TO SPECULATE whether Lee or Grant was the better general is sheer nonsense; both were fine generals, and since Lee was forced more than Grant to demonstrate his leadership both offensively and defensively it may be said unequivocally that he rose to both necessities with brilliance. Those who would detract from Grant's ultimate victory by saying that he fought with superior numbers and equipment must ignore Lee's advantage of thorough familiarity with every foot of the ground over which he fought, the ease with which he could guard supply lines in a friendly country, the prestige and morale of a fighting force that never had been defeated on Virginia soil, the rapidity with which the Confederates could move on interior lines, and the skill with which—at this point in the war—armies had learned to dig intrenchments overnight.

Again, such speculations are nonsense: it was always fated, in this contest of 9,000,000 people against 23,000,000, that time would give the North the military machine to overwhelm and to crush the South. Again, patience—that the moral and legal cause justified the sacrifice on the part of the North, that eventually the general would emerge who could use the spectacular fighting force Lincoln had created in the Army of the Potomac—was the crux of the war.

Many politicians were against Lincoln, but never the hard core of his people; he won the time, the patience for Grant to consummate the inevitable victory. Lincoln knew that the end came too slowly—and knew why when one of his messages would snap at McClellan: "Will you pardon me for asking what the horses of your army have done since the Battle of Antietam that fatigues anything?"; when one of his messages prodded Hooker: "I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river, like an ox jumped half over a fence, and liable to be torn by dogs, front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other."

Year after year Lincoln pleaded with his generals to understand what they had in the Army of the Potomac, an organization of such strength that whenever it moved it was as though a city like Albany or Columbus or Indianapolis arose one morning and walked away with all its clothing, food, horses, wagons, medicine, ammunition, people. On its own soil, most of all, that army should be able to end the conflict, but twice Lee crossed the Mason and Dixon line—into Maryland at Antietam and into Pennsylvania at Gettysburg—and despite reverses succeeded in escaping to Virginia. If these were circumstances to drive a President to distraction, so they did with Lincoln.

And then came Grant . . . that slouchy little man with the wart on his cheek and the squint in his eye. There Grant was all at once . . . pitching along with his odd, unmilitary gait, smooching with his wife in full view of staff officers, and batting the hell out of everybody in a new kind of war that saw his armies imitating the old man's rest-

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lessness, his need to keep moving, to keep fighting, to risk anything rather than be forced on the defensive.

Was he, as many charged, needlessly a butcher because he was always "hammering" his opponent? "Who's shedding this blood, anyhow?" soldiers said, reading the papers in the trenches. "They better wait till we fellows down at the front hollo, 'Enough!'" With a shrewd understanding of Grant, Longstreet told Lee: "We must make up our minds to get into line of battle and stay there; for that man will fight us every day and every hour till the end of the war." This quality in Grant was also in Lincoln; after Sumter the President never stopped trying to win. Like Grant, he saw in the Confederacy a military despotism that could be defeated only by destroying its resources for waging war. Day and night Lincoln devoted himself to this purpose, and when in Grant he found a general ruled by the same passionate dedication he gave him his blessing and a free rein.

Lincoln's affection for Grant was shared by veterans of the GAR and the majority of the American people. Few men in their lifetime ever have known more demonstrative love and respect. Abroad wherever Grant traveled after the war he was hailed as a hero without perhaps understanding why, but the survival of the American constitutional republic shook the stolid resistance to liberal reforms that long had dominated the monarchies of Europe. The American democracy, standing the bloody test of civil war, vitalized everywhere the aspiration for government of the people, and by the people, and for the people.

At home, too, the appeal of Grant was irresistible, for all the cold critics of his two terms as President were able to say, then and since. When the third-term prejudice finally swung the nomination to Garfield it was obvious early in the campaign that this lackluster Republican candidate was in trouble. So Grant came out of quasi-retirement to take the stump. With characteristic directness he usually had completed what he had to say in five or six minutes; really wound up he might last for ten. Wavering Ohio and Indiana swung back into the GOP column. In New York, the real battleground of the campaign, Grant spent the last ten days thumping for Garfield, but more often talking about "the nation" than his candidate. When every citizen could vote, he said, and political parties didn't line up on a sectional basis, it wouldn't make much difference to him whether the Republicans won. He swept the North with him in politics just as he had in battle. Old veterans cheered and hooted and sang "John Brown's Body." The people preferred Grant but elected Garfield to please the uncommon common man.

Lee, whom the South found to be noble in war, the North judged to be noble in peace. He accepted the verdict of war with the same wholeness of character that led him to the necessity of war in devotion to Virginia. There was not in Lee any of the post-bellum posturing of those who wanted to carry on the resistance by guerrilla tactics, none of the blustering threat of emigrating to foreign lands, none of the festering bitterness of a Davis brooding in Biloxi. He tried in his own quiet, manly way to lift from the South the iron curtain which for a generation had warped its judgment and obscured its vision. Often this was the loneliest battle he ever fought; truly, at times, he floundered in a wilderness more forbidding in its deep shadow than the one through which he had fought Grant on the road to Appomattox.

GRANT, sitting in his stocking cap and muffler on the porch at Mount McGregor, fighting the cancer that sapped his vitality for enough time to finish his "Memoirs" and save his family from the privations of poverty, summed up the difference between his army and Lee's: "The Army of Northern Virginia became despondent and saw the end. It did not please them. The National army saw the same thing, and were encouraged by it." This judgment was a fulfilment of a prediction. Lincoln had always believed that secession must dissolve rather than sustain its supporters. Eventually it must break under its own weight, returning to the ashes of disintegration whence it sprang. The rebellion against the United States, said Grant, concluding his memoirs, "will have to be attributed to slavery." He had not seen this fact as early as Lincoln, and confessed it; but when there was nothing left but death he reduced life to the simple truths he wanted to maintain in this world where man proposes and God disposes. Unless the South could control the general government slavery was doomed. So the war that no sane man ever had wanted to fight was fought—by none more grudgingly, more unremittingly than Grant. Now, in the dwindling hours, he thought: "The war has made us a nation of great power and intelligence. We have but little to do to preserve peace, happiness, and prosperity at home, and the respect of other nations. Our experience ought to teach us the necessity of the first; our power secures the latter."

With these words the old general was about ready to close the pages of his life. Soon the thunder would rumble, the lightning flash.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE DARKEST HOUR *William P. McGivern* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75)	Framed NY cop, dejailed, scours waterfront to solve case that threw him.	No laughs here; weather lousy, track fast; much gunplay, fisticuffs.	Adult toughie.
THE ECHOING SHORE *Robert Martin* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75)	Mich. insurance eye, on fishing trip, involved in murder rap; struggles to get unhooked.	End not unguessable, but pace is hot and scenery lovely (gals too).	His usual nice job.
THE ROBINEAU LOOK *Kathleen Moore Knight* (Crime Club: $2.75)	NY sec. takes in Ala. family reunion; two slaughters dither genealogoists.	Author's 30th is chatty, overpopulated; state and local cops handle it.	Medium.
THE SAINT ON THE SPANISH MAIN *Leslie Charteris* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Simon Templar, on Caribbean jaunt, operates in Bimini, Bahamas, Jamaica, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands, Haiti.	Thirty-first compilation has good place names, little scenery; six yarns in this package.	Hero's admirers will enjoy.
THE MAN WHO HAD TOO MUCH TO LOSE *Hampton Stone* (S&S: $2.50)	Murders in NY mansion makes Asst. DA Gibson stir stumps in search for poisoner.	Cast largely lengthy caricatures and hugely unpleasant; wordiness impedes pace.	He's beaten this.
HEADQUARTERS *Quentin Reynolds* (Harper: $3.95)	Factual account of NY cop's career (Insp. Francis Phillips), with much about whole force.	Case histories make brisk reading; fine overall picture of working police on job.	Motion all the way.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Theatre

Continued from Page 18

honest human being emerges from **"The Selected Letters of Anton Chekhov"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4).

Trained as a physician, Chekhov found writing both irresistible and profitable. During his brief career he turned out more than a thousand short stories, five full-length plays, and about half a dozen one-acters. He enunciated his credo early: "My holy of holies are the human body, health, intelligence, talent, inspiration, love, and the most absolute freedom—freedom from force and falsity, in whatever form these last may be expressed." This "program" remained vital for all his interests. He traveled to Siberia to gather material for his grim study "Sakhalin Island"; he championed Zola in the Dreyfus case and Gorki in an injustice closer to himself. Yet, believing that only the presentation and not the solution of a problem is an artist's obligation, he never bent his art to propaganda. In his letters he also commented, though marginally, on his stories and plays. Of particular interest is his correspondence with the directors and actors who produced his plays in Moscow while he convalesced in Yalta. These last letters are pathetic, for without maudlin self-pity he struggled with ill health and loneliness, and died at forty-four.

Editorially this volume is uneven. The introduction by Lillian Hellman is somewhat casual, but Sidonie K. Lederer, the translator, who made the selection from the eight volumes of Chekhov's letters, succeeds with a flexible, idiomatic translation.

—Robert Halsband.

BALLET SUCCESS STORY: With the return of the Sadler's Wells Ballet to this country next season and the coming celebration of its twenty-fifth anniversary (its first performance was on May 5, 1931) there will probably be a great deal of written material about this great company. Hugh Fisher's little book **"The Story of Sadler's Wells"** (Macmillan, $1.50), possibly a forerunner of what is to come, is a brief history of the organization.

The book offers some critical appraisal, but not in any great detail. The writing is straight, objective, and with no apparent malice or blind adoration. This is rather a welcome rarity in books on dance. The work is nicely illustrated for a volume of its size. To anyone interested in a background sketch of the company it can be recommended.

—Rosalyn Krokover.

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(Continued on page 34)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 33)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1111

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Having a narrow, flat surface like a shelf.	66 45 15 123 62 3
B. Express or perform bunglingly.	73 186 147 158 56
C. Shameless boldness.	70 173 154 38 189 109 96 87 146 135
D. A coarse, rude fellow.	48 65 97 110 30
E. Hoi polloi (2 wds.).	129 42 104 159 26 149 88
F. In mining, that part of a stratum which appears at the surface.	20 83 55 125 16 51 170
G. Aeneas's pilot acted reprehensibly at the helm.	14 172 192 90 35 166
H. Enclosed.	113 52 101 27 39 29 191
I. First English governor, Martha's Vineyard, Mass., whose descendants still carry on the name.	169 94 177 44 86 22
J. Symbol for the Codex Sinaiticus.	33 53 89 21
K. Flow of cadences in language.	80 143 54 25 50 121
L. In rows or ranks.	130 108 141 41 17 128
M. Sinless.	61 187 138 150 85 167 126 2 9
N. Phrase used as a reciprocal pronoun in oblique cases (2 wds.).	79 151 84 37 31 63 175 184 23

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. English admiral, 150 years ago, who won much in West Indies for England.	18 190 93 179 155 153 68 49 161
P. Drug addiction.	43 119 114 157 64 7 34 1 46 24 74
Q. Greek god of fire, esp. of volcanos, etc.	136 176 95 103 131 5 58 115 13 82
R. To render uneasy by some impedance.	133 112 148 182 107 98 140 72 19
S. Trademark in TV for a certain process of reproducing programs.	152 99 181 11 171 77 164 188 118
T. Scaramouche's "only patrimony," a "gift" he was born with.	78 122 60 132 10 6 111 183
U. A better-than-even chance (comp.).	67 142 194 105 47 127
V. The arithmetical character 0.	92 145 40 163 12 174
W. A material used for giving a new, permanent color to something else.	134 4 144 71 106 178 8 120
X. By way of summary (2 wds.).	91 100 28 156 137 117 36
Y. County and river in Washington, tributary of the Columbia.	76 69 57 185 81 124 102 168 160
Z. Lofty, noble, or impassioned utterance.	193 165 180 59 116 139 75 32 162

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it in the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	■	1 P	2 M	3 A	■	4 W	5 Q	6 T	■	7 P	8 W	■	9 M	10 T	11 S	■
12 V	13 Q	14 G	15 A	16 F	17 L	18 O	19 R	■	20 F	21 J	■	22 I	23 N	24 P	25 K	26 E
27 H	28 X	■	29 H	30 D	31 N	■	32 Z	33 J	34 P	35 G	■	36 X	37 N	38 C	39 H	40 V
41 L	42 E	■	43 P	44 I	45 A	■	46 P	47 U	48 D	49 O	50 K	■	51 F	52 H	53 J	54 K
■	55 F	56 B	57 Y	58 Q	■	59 Z	60 T	61 M	62 A	63 N	■	64 P	65 D	66 A	67 U	68 O
69 Y	70 C	71 W	72 R	■	73 B	74 P	75 Z	76 Y	■	77 S	78 T	79 N	80 K	81 Y	■	82 Q
83 F	84 N	85 M	86 I	87 C	88 E	89 J	90 G	■	91 X	92 V	■	93 O	94 I	95 Q	96 C	97 D
98 R	99 S	100 X	101 H	■	102 Y	103 Q	104 E	■	105 U	106 W	107 R	108 L	109 C	110 D	111 T	■
112 R	113 H	114 P	115 Q	116 Z	117 X	118 S	■	119 P	120 W	■	121 K	122 T	123 A	124 Y	125 F	■
126 M	127 U	128 L	■	129 E	130 L	131 Q	132 T	133 R	134 W	135 C	■	136 Q	137 X	138 M	139 Z	■
140 R	141 L	142 U	■	143 K	144 W	145 V	146 C	147 B	148 R	149 E	150 M	151 N	152 S	■	153 O	154 C
■	155 O	156 X	157 P	158 B	159 E	■	160 Y	161 O	162 Z	■	163 V	164 S	165 Z	166 G	■	167 M
168 Y	169 I	170 F	171 S	■	172 G	173 C	■	174 V	175 N	176 Q	■	177 I	178 W	179 O	180 Z	181 S
■	182 R	183 T	184 N	■	185 Y	186 B	187 M	188 S	189 C	190 O	191 H	192 G	193 Z	194 U	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 30 of this issue.

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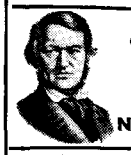

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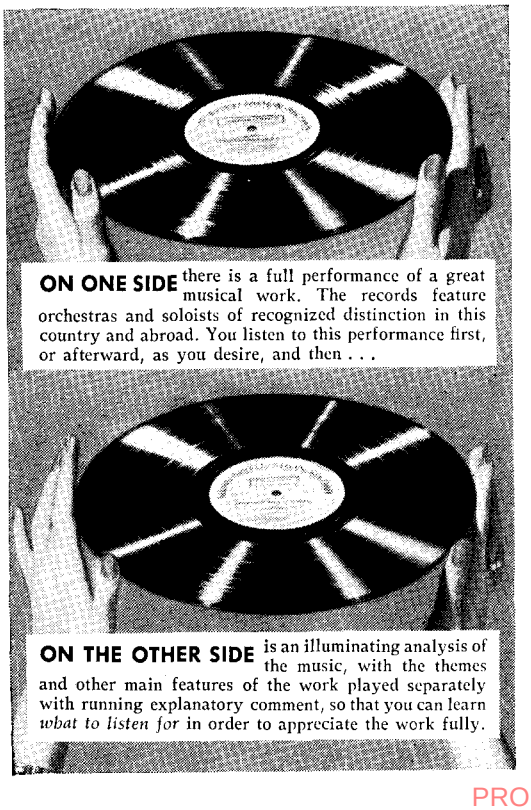

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